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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Why was not Lord Cromer at the gathering of all the Free Trade tribes at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday? He would have "loomed", in newspaper idiom, much larger in the chair than Lord Avebury. Lord Avebury has so many trades and presides over so many meetings that he has become a common-form figure-head. However, Mr. Asquith rose to the occasion as an orator, if he sank to it as a thinker. How good his picture of the Free Trader—according-to-Tariff Reform sitting down in his study before a bust of Cobden while the great world goes spinning down "the ringing grooves of change". No one can make a sounding fiscal speech more patly than Mr. Asquith. He always could. Not strange that he was glad to resume the part. It came to the actor easily. It is not Mr. Asquith's line to shed new light on fiscal things. Free Trade to him is a complete thing. He believes with Robespierre in the virtue of repetition.

But the beauty of theory was sadly marred by the time Mr. Balfour had done with Mr. Asquith in his speech at the Tariff Reform League lunch at the Constitutional Club. A free trade Government in international trade is a protectionist Government, and the most complete infidels as to laissez-faire, in everything at home. Mr. Churchill gave free trade away by proclaiming retaliation on the very eve of the Prime Minister's speech, who had already denounced retaliation as neither more nor less than an imposture. What is the real policy of the Government? Is it the Prime Minister's or the President of the Board of Trade's policy? Mr. Balfour draws the moral that this change of language and opinions is in fact a reflex of changes in the country that are making Tariff Reform inevitable.

The President of the Board of Trade does not trouble to read the speeches on Free Trade made by the

Prime Minister. What an extraordinary arrangement! Twitted by Mr. Goulding in the House about Mr. Asquith's remarks on retaliation Mr. Churchill coolly answered "I have not seen the speech". There was retaliation indeed. One has long expected something of the sort. Mr. Churchill has let his nature "break . . . through the gilded pale" with a vengeance this time.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh describes those Unionists who loyally serve and are content to trust Mr. Balfour as "hedgehoggers". We see the idea, of course—it is to represent Mr. Balfour as hedging and his friends as hedging with him. But is the name quite happy? True, some of these loyalists have sharp prickles, which in self-defence they know how to use. But if Lord Balfour means the term as one of reproach—and, when he goes on the platform with Radicals and Home Rulers, one takes it that is his meaning—he has not chosen it nicely. The hedgehog—unlike the rat—is a useful, on the whole innocent, creature. The old error that it sucked cows is corrected. It has been known to enter a henroost with no good intent. But Lord Balfour may find that some of his new colleagues will do that freely—even at his own expense.

The sneers of Lord Balfour at the leader of the party and at the luncheon at the Constitutional Club are odd in a way. We remember well enough that Lord Balfour, now the able mischief-maker, was, not many years ago—at this same Constitutional Club too—the able peace-patcher. There was a discussion or quarrel about something; but Lord Balfour appears on the scene, and all is set right once more! Surely it is better to be either one thing or the other—a Liberal with Mr. Asquith, or a Conservative with Mr. Balfour. Lord Balfour would sway to Mr. Asquith when he thinks Free Trade is threatened, and back again to Mr. Balfour when he thinks the Union is threatened. He wants to be rescued from Home Rule, from Tariff Reform, above all from Socialism. Mr. Churchill's way of going clean over is, after all, more practical.

Will the Government be shamed by the discussion in Parliament into enforcing the law against the Swansea Borough Council? They admit that the

Council's treatment of the Oxford Street Church of England school is morally indefensible; but Mr. Runciman follows Mr. McKenna and does nothing, and the Council takes Mr. Lloyd George's advice, to make the Act of 1902 a burden to Church of England schools. They pretend that a mandamus could not be obtained against the Council because the school is not technically inefficient. And why is it not inefficient? Simply because the managers themselves have paid the difference between the teachers' salaries and the salaries of teachers in the Council's own schools. If the Government were not hand and glove with the Swansea Council, they would have instructed the Attorney-General long ago to apply for a mandamus. We want the opinion of the court—not a partisan opinion of the Government law officer.

Mr. Arnold-Forster's death was sudden, but can it be said to have cut short his career? It was unlikely that he would ever again have health to stand the strain of ministerial life. After all, he reached the goal of his ambition, having served in both Service Departments, as Parliamentary Secretary at the Admiralty and Secretary of State at the War Office. From quite early years Mr. Arnold-Forster was an ardent amateur sailor and soldier. No doubt this amateur reputation, made of course largely by his well-known writings, brought him to the Cabinet and the War Office. Unfortunately a name to know does not always mean deep knowledge; and though Mr. Arnold-Forster undoubtedly had a very wide knowledge of naval and military things, it is doubtful whether he would not have been more successful as Minister for War had he believed himself to know less. But his industry was prodigious, his intellectual ability great; a good manner would have completed an equipment for high political rank. Certainly Mr. Arnold-Forster, son of Delafeld Arnold, who was brother of Matthew and son of Rugby Arnold, did not fall below the Arnold tradition.

The point of the Army debates this week is the prominence of compulsion. Reading these speeches, one might perhaps still think of conscription as "unhappy" but hardly as a "far-off thing". Everyone treated it as practical politics; in fact quite seriously, except, of course, Colonel Seely, who would gladly lead the London Scottish against an army of German or any other trained troops. Magnificent, no doubt, but the House would certainly hear no more of the gallant colonel's eloquence, which would be sad indeed. Colonel Seely believes we were "in a position of complete security during the South African war". Well, if we may pit one distinguished soldier against another, Lord Wolseley did not. By the way, Colonel Seely referred to "a certain Unionist newspaper" which suggested that a hundred of the new Territorial force might account for one good foreign trained soldier. We should imagine the "Unionist newspaper" was speaking of the boys and junior City clerks caught by the "Daily Mail" headlines. Colonel Seely at the head of this crowd charging the whole German Army would be a spectacle for men, indeed; but very soon for angels.

The tocsin of revolt against Mr. Lloyd George's Budget has already been sounded—and by a Radical, too! Sir R. W. Perks vows that, come what may, he will vote against the taxation of ground values. He says there are hundreds of thousands of small landowners throughout the country who already bear more than their share of taxation. Land he defines as "the raw material of agriculture". It follows, surely, that to tax it is taxing meat and corn. Your food will cost you more. There is no doubt that farming land, as Sir R. Perks says, is overburdened by rates and taxes. But the argument will have little avail with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He sprang to fame by his desperate attempt to throttle the Agricultural Rates Bill. Sir R. Perks, we remember, voted for that measure, and has always been quite consistent in his policy towards the land interest.

Sir Alexander Acland Hood can chastise with scorpions as well as whips; he drove well home at Mr.

Birrell in his speech at the Junior Constitutional. Mr. Birrell has got into such a pitiable state in his own business that it is rash for him to intervene in any other—though it may be a slight relief to him. In his Bristol speech Mr. Birrell exclaimed: "The economic law cares nothing about Mr. Austen Chamberlain. It does not care a snap of the fingers for Mr. Chaplin. It does not care an atom for the opinions of Mr. Bonar Law". Most likely it doesn't. So too the cattle-drivers, boycotters and Moonlighters care nothing, care not a snap of the fingers, care not an atom, for Mr. Birrell.

The "Molly Maguires" were a variety of Irish statesmen who argued political questions by mounting the opponent, naked, on a horse, with a saddle seated in metal spikes, sometimes varied by the bristled hides of hedgehogs; and direct descent from that "glorious history" is claimed for the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who have grown so greatly in Ireland during the past five years that they formed the feature of chief interest in the Nationalist wrangle which has just been heard at Mr. Swift's Court in Dublin. The "Molly Maguires" were alleged to be behind Mr. Redmond and Mr. Devlin to silence Mr. O'Brien; and Mr. Healy, who appears to know something of the "glorious history", referred to them by that name. Crime has increased steadily with their influence in the country. They grow stronger every day, and it looks as if "the national cause" must go on through such transitions as long as hired "patriots" can make money out of it.

"The hall-mark of national culture" has been seen lately down in Galway, where the committee of a college for Irish wanted to pass a "compulsory" resolution on the University question. His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, in the chair, refused to accept the resolution. Colonel Moore suggested mildly that it was a matter for "the people of Ireland". "The people of Ireland!" said the Archbishop. "What do they know about it?" Until the money was got for the new University we were told it was "a burning question", and now—"What do the people of Ireland know about it?" The gallant Colonel climbed down—the same gallant Colonel who was not afraid to face "Long Tom" in South Africa.

Lord Cross once said there was "a lying spirit abroad" in party politics. At the moment the chief spirit—whether it lies or not—seems to be one of personality. Mr. Cherry, at an Aldershot meeting the other day, sneered at the M.P. for the division as "the driest Salter" he had ever met. And Mr. Cherry belongs to the Government too, beautifully belongs to it! Mr. E. T. Reed would affect a drier wit than Mr. Cherry. In his Authors' Club speech on Monday he made great play with Mr. Chaplin for speaking of "his Majesty's Government". Then Mr. Austen Chamberlain came under his swipe: "Mr. Austen Chamberlain of course is the son of his father; but that, I may point out surely without offence, is a distinction which mutatis mutandis he shares with most of the human race." Alas! that mutatis mutandis is a cliché almost as worn as some of Mr. E. T. Reed's prehistoric figures.

The name of Bowles is very much to the front just now. Whilst one Mr. Bowles is championing Free Trade at Norwood, another Mr. Bowles is—despite Lord Salisbury—for championing Tariff Reform in West Herts; and then, of course, besides, there is a third Mr. Bowles who is going to champion Liberalism against a Liberal champion in King's Lynn. The prospect of three of them in the House at the same time, every one representing a different point of view, and all perhaps rising at the same moment to catch the Speaker's eye, is piquant.

One can hardly tell, from Mr. Balfour's speech at the Mansion House Guilds dinner on Thursday, whether the House of Commons is above or beneath or beyond criticism. Any way we must demur to Mr. Balfour's claim that we have no right to criticise our own creature. Is it then for the vessel to lecture the potter? No doubt

the profanum volgus, when the chance comes, can exchange one 670 for a better, or a worse, 670. But though the items change, the House goes on for ever, and over that the public has no power, and it is the perennial House of Commons, Mr. Balfour should note, that the public looks at askance.

Lord Morley's method of dealing with the Indian Executive Councils has been ingenious, if not ingenuous. He imported into his Bill a provision for which nobody asked, which the Government of India considered and rejected last October, which had the support of no authority, and had not even been submitted to the Provincial Lieutenant-Governors concerned. It was rejected by the Lords on highly qualified expert advice from both sides of the House on Thursday week. On Tuesday Lord Morley asked the House to reinstate it on the ground that certain unnamed authorities in India—Lord Morley now says these "authorities" were the Viceroy—had declared the rejection would be "very unfortunate". It would disappoint expectations raised by its inclusion in the Bill—in other words by his own hasty action.

In the meantime Lord Morley had got a telegram to the effect that they had changed their mind, not since October, but since 1895, and were now prepared to accept the clause, provided they were not required to put it in force! The text of the message was not given, but so much as was disclosed showed that the Government of India was called in to curse the Opposition, and lo! it blessed, them altogether. If Lord Morley were not concerned one would be tempted to suspect that the Secretary for India had manoeuvred to get rid of his illegitimate offspring, finding it very much in the way, and to shift the blame for desertion on to others. In any case, to insert a clause permitting the creation of Provincial Executive Councils, without any intention of creating them, would be bad. The measure carries so many possibilities which justify Lord Lansdowne's misgivings, reiterated on Thursday when it was read a third time, that further invitations to the agitator must be resisted. If the Commons reinstate the clause, the Lords will certainly throw it out again.

Mr. Pirie, Mr. Mackarness, and others of the anti-England school tried a tussle with Mr. Buchanan on Tuesday. He "curtly" declines to say why certain treacherous Indian natives were "deported". Mr. Buchanan is absolutely right, of course. The curter the better. India must be freed of the seditious scum. And, by the way, we invite our readers' attention to the remarkable article on Indian "students" in England which the "Globe" printed last Thursday. Above all, Oxford should not overlook it.

The Near Eastern business fortunately narrows down every week. Serbia now, in accordance with her reply to representations from Russia, has signified in a Note to be submitted to the Powers that all territorial and other claims will be abandoned. Serbia places herself in the hands of the Powers in Conference. This does not entirely satisfy Austria. Baron von Aehrenthal wishes, of course, to treat the whole question as between Serbia and Austria-Hungary alone. Settlement may thus be delayed, but the immediate danger of the situation, we should say, was now removed. Serbia will probably have to remodel the form of the Note to the Powers: that is all. A Conference may ratify what has been settled: it can do no more.

No one seems able to make out as yet what is the outcome of the Italian elections. Figures seem to be merely perplexing and useless, and names, or party labels, hardly less so. Next week it may be easier to get some intelligible order out of this confusion. It is certain that a great many second ballots will have to be taken. On the whole there can be no doubt that the present Ministry come out easily top, but the strength of the Opposition is doubtful, owing to the difficulty of classing many of the Constitutionalists pure and simple either as Ministerialist or Opposition. One interesting

point in the election is the return of a few candidates who stood distinctively as "Catholics". This is a challenge to anti-clericalism or anti-religion, not to the Monarchy.

From the very beginning the Bottomley case was remarkable for its sensational incidents and surprises. The climax is reached in the determination of Sir James Ritchie to dismiss the charge and not send it to trial. To say this does not in the least imply that the magistrate ought to have committed. All we mean is that considering the circumstances Sir James Ritchie has come to a remarkably strong and independent decision. He began to sit after two other magistrates had heard the witnesses, and he had to form his opinion mainly from reading the depositions. No doubt he had the advice of the magistrates' clerk, who had been present at all the sittings, but the temptation to evade the responsibility of a definite decision by committing the case for trial would have been too strong for a weaker magistrate. It does not follow that no more will be heard of the case. Mr. Muir stated that he should have to consult the Attorney-General, and this implies the possibility of action being taken by the Attorney-General himself. Mr. Bottomley, again, made so many accusations of animus against the prosecution that it would not be surprising to hear of him next in the rôle of prosecutor.

The Standard Oil Company has made ex-President Roosevelt and his Government, and even the American people, look small. It has shown the futility of the law to prove offences that one court found it had committed, and for which it imposed fines amounting to £6,000,000. If the Judge had supposed for a moment that his judgment would be executed, he would probably not have given it. Anyone who knows the American courts knows that when the litigants are wealthy they intend to appeal. Everything the Judge does is questioned by counsel under a system of quirks and quibbles to which there is no parallel in English law; nor used to be even in the old days of special pleading, with an artificial and complicated procedure and law of evidence.

No one believed that £6,000,000 would be levied. The Standard Oil Company appealed to the Supreme Court and took its objections to admission of evidence and raised everything that the chaos of Federal and State laws enabled it to bring against the judgment. The Corporation lawyers, the best that can be had for money, triumphed. The court sent the case back for a new trial, tying up the Judge in legal swaddling bands; and he found that the facts though they had been proved once could not be proved a second time. We should not be surprised if, in addition to its own enormous costs, the Government had to pay a good portion of the Standard Oil Company's as well.

Lord Guthrie's decision against Mrs. Stirling could have been anticipated from the remarks he made before the evidence closed on the effect Lord Northland's and Mrs. Stirling's letters to each other produced on his mind. They appeared to him to disclose sexual feeling between them. This element, he held, was absent in the relations of Mr. Stirling and Mrs. Atherton; and as Mrs. Stirling's allegations came down to one occasion, and an improbable one, at Sandown, her case failed. It took eighteen days' public hearing, and no doubt a considerable part of the Judge's time since, to unravel the private affairs of a group of people whose doings, said Lord Guthrie, had no legal and ought to have no public interest. One understands the protest of a severe and intellectual mind like Lord Guthrie's against being condemned for so long to such a sordid and humiliating inquiry without comedy or tragedy in it, except that of the utter folly, vulgarity and frivolity of a group of four persons without significance or importance. Still, plenty of people have been interested in the Stirling case; as they are interested in many a novel without literary qualities.

Since the Ardlamont murder trial public attention has not been so much attracted to the Scottish Bench and Bar. The judgment of Lord Guthrie is a fine specimen

of the judicial qualities of the Scottish Bench. If the trial had no particular legal interest in Scotland, there are peculiarities about it noticeable for English people. There was no jury, and this would be unheard of in a like case in England; and so will be the appeal, which will be a review of the evidence by one of the divisions of the Court of Session answering to our Appeal Court. But the most striking difference of all is that Mrs. Stirling could not have brought any action at all against her husband in an English Court, though Mr. Stirling could have brought his action against his wife here.

There was a rare scene at the Free Church Congress on Wednesday. We have heard of the Rev. Joseph Hocking as a novelist, but the first of his productions we have ever read was his speech on the "Alarming Development of Modern Romanism". It produced an immense effect. "The audience, both men and women, endeavoured to rival each other in their frantic howls for the names to be either suppressed or published". This is from the "Daily Chronicle", which backs up the political programme of the Free Church Congress. There has not been such an outburst of the furor Protestantism outside Kensite demonstrations for a long time.

What roused Mr. Hocking's audience to fury was that certain "Free Churchmen who held high places in the National Councils of the Free Churches" had voted against Mr. Corbett's Bill to institute an inquiry into convents and monasteries. The question was whether they should be "named". Why this should cause so much excitement is a mystery of the Free Church mind, as the names were perfectly well known. But "the popular Protestant novelist" had stirred up the passions and bigotry of his audience, and it had to howl to relieve itself. He knows his business and knows his audience. We do not take the Free Church Congress seriously; but the "Daily Chronicle" does, and we see it says that more than one prominent Free Churchman has expressed in private his bitter regret and disappointment that an attack on Roman Catholicism should arouse greater enthusiasm than speeches on social reform and pressing religious problems. And the scene surely does throw a good deal of light on Nonconformity.

Mr. Keir Hardie declares that he was not after all shouted down at Oxford the other day. He counted the opposition, and found they were only about thirty all told. The rest of the "students" listened to him with patience and respect. We are glad the cloud has been taken from the fair fame of Oxford. But the meeting must have been a meagre one. The only students that one ever heard of at Oxford belonged to the House. Possibly Mr. Hardie meant undergrads when he said students. If so, he should really get up the right terms ere he tries Oxford again. Mr. Lloyd George, who knows the ropes well now, would be able to give Mr. Hardie many useful hints; such as that the Long is not the summer holidays, that the senior proctor is not the head schoolmaster who canes, and that there is no High Street or Cornmarket. It is hopeless for a politician to try anything at Oxford till he has mastered such things.

Is it too late in the day to change the name of the Royal Commission on Whisky and Other Potable Spirits? Of course it is not the business of State inquiries to go in for the styles and graces of literature. But the word "potable", when plain "drinkable" would serve all purposes, is monstrous. We believe that half the people in England and about nine-tenths of the writers think it vulgar to use a sterling English word, if they can get hold of a bastard, half Latin half English. The "polite" writer cannot say "I begin"; he must use the disgusting "I commence". You don't live in a house—you "reside" there; you don't get a letter—you are "in receipt of a letter" or you are "the recipient of a letter". It is the strangest thing that the English have a literature that is almost matchless and are yet among the most illiterate people.

THE CERTAINTY OF CONSCRIPTION.

"CA IRA" must have been the comment on recent Army debates of everyone who looks forward to a compulsory régime in this country. Balancing the speeches made, he must have had his sense of the necessity of compulsory service quickened and any feeling of hopelessness in preaching it removed. The change is amazingly great and amazingly rapid. About ten years ago this REVIEW openly avowed the conviction that the military requirements of the British Empire would never be met under a voluntary system, and we backed our belief by formulating a scheme of our own. At any rate we could not be accused of vagueness or of hesitation to commit ourselves. At that time hardly a paper dared suggest compulsion, and as for Parliament, there was not a member but would have thought it all his political life was worth to mention even the word conscription, unless to ban it, or to flatter his constituent Britons on their not being as these Germans or other conscript foreigners. The subject never even arose for serious discussion in either House of Parliament. Now it is one of the most general topics of conversation; a favourite subject for debating societies from the back parlour of the public-house to Parliament; a perennial theme for the daily press from the halfpenny to the threepenny; an organised propaganda. And this year the Army debates mark quite an important stage in the movement. Compulsion has been for the first time the main theme of discussion. Beside it other issues almost dwindled away; at any rate in interest compulsory service dwarfed all others. We are not forgetting that interest need not mean approval, it may mean cordial hatred; but any object is much nearer realisation when it is spoken of in terms of opprobrium than when it is not spoken of at all. A speech, for instance, like that of Mr. Harold Cox is much more helpful to conscription than his silence would have been, whilst Colonel Seely's speech should be printed and circulated by the National Service League. In every way conscription is now preached, willingly or unwillingly. If we analyse the larger notice it attracts, the evidence is still more encouraging. Mr. Wyndham made it plain that he did not believe the voluntary system could last, because it was unequal to the military necessities of the Empire. Mr. Arnold-Forster in what has proved the last Parliamentary speech he was ever to make showed that he was a practical convert to conscription. Captain Kincaid-Smith frankly advocated compulsory training, and not a single Unionist speaker directly opposed it. Even those who did not mention compulsion used arguments which could lead to nothing else. The champions of voluntarism evidently found these debates awkward, for they all took refuge in Mr. Balfour's speech because he said nothing in favour of compulsion. But he said nothing against it, which is more significant. Ten, five, two years ago would the leader of any party in the State, taking part in a debate in which compulsory service had filled the foreground, have refrained from condemning it entirely? Every leader would have hailed with delight the opportunity to curse a thing unspeakably unpopular. But Mr. Balfour deliberately refrained from a word of condemnation, simply declining to go into the question at all. We do not say Mr. Balfour is changing his views; we do not know; we merely note his not condemning compulsion, whilst he threw very strong doubts on the capacity of the Territorial Army to meet the needs of the Empire. Last, and perhaps most significant of all, Mr. J. Ward, the Labour member for Stoke-upon-Trent, said "in regard to compulsion, he had no objection to such a system, if the country after full discussion decided upon it". This seems to us quite the right attitude. Compulsion must be a national policy, based on the national conviction that the country has the right to call on every citizen to bear arms in her behalf and that it is the duty of every citizen to be ready to do it. It is a duty that ought not to be commutable for money payment. Mr. Harold Cox thinks it is patriotism enough if he pays others to fight for him. This general commutation of services for money payment is a social and political (strictly said) disease well known to historians, socio-

logists, and by parallelism to biologists. According to Mr. Cox there is no positive duty on a man but to make money, and if money has been made for him, there is no duty on him to make anything at all: an anti-social philosophy. But if service is a duty arising out of citizenship, it must apply to all citizens alike. Therefore any attempt to introduce compulsion sideways, as Mr. Haldane has done, or at least allows, deserves fully the reprobation it received from all parties. Mr. Haldane certainly had a bad time in these debates; we cannot pity him: all his troubles he has brought upon himself. He has introduced a system which obviously means compulsory service and nothing else, and he has not had the courage to propose openly that which alone can make his system a success, or even anything but a sham.

We have dwelt on the vogue and favour found by compulsion as a topic in the House because we know very well that the movement will be helped far more by conviction of its certainty than by sense of its merits. But we have space for something on the merits as well.

One argument against conscription (we have put our ideas into a black-and-white scheme, so we are careless whether we say compulsion or conscription) has been pressed much into service this year. It is urged that conscription would spoil recruiting for the Regular Army. Why? No one said. Many assumed it, and then expatiated on the deadliness to the nation of drying up the Regular Army. No doubt it was hoped that dismay at such a prospect would frighten opponents from questioning the assumption. It is assumed that everyone who now has an ardour for the military profession would lose it if he was obliged to serve his normal term, say a year? Or is the assumption that the experiences of that year would be so repulsive that none would serve a week longer than he must? Mr. Belloc, speaking as a conscript, said quite enough to put away that suggestion. He had had a very happy time as conscript. On the other hand, is it not quite possible that the year's service would give some a strong liking for the soldier's life and bring out in others latent military proclivities? It is probable many boys who would like to be soldiers are now lost to the Army by the stigma which many respectable working-class parents still think attaches to enlisting. Under conscription this prejudice would die. "Duke's son, cook's son", all would be soldiers alike. In any case there is no reason whatever to suppose that the men who now enlist mainly because they can find nothing else to do—excellent material too in the main—would refrain from doing so were a compulsory system in force.

The financial argument that what was spent extra on the conscripts would have to be taken from the professional Army, and so cripple it, is idle unless the total the nation can spend on military forces is a fixed and known quantity. Not very many years ago this argument would have been urged triumphantly, had it been proposed to spend on Volunteers what Mr. Haldane is now spending on his Territorials; but Mr. Haldane will not admit that he has crippled the Regulars. He, however, actually has sacrificed Regulars to his voluntary home-defence force—the very result he fears from conscription.

Mr. Belloc, in the most interesting speech of the debate, rested his case on the want in this country of a central power strong enough to work the machinery of conscription. But he sees plainly that, whether for good or bad, this defect is remedying itself. Democracy necessarily means centralisation. The power of the executive of the day, the Government, and of the permanent executive, the Civil Service, is always growing. Mr. Belloc may console himself with the thought that we shall have a machine strong enough for the purpose in a few years. It will take a few years to convince Mr. Cox and Mr. Mackarness of the charms of conscription.

Mr. Belloc's other argument was that a conscript army is not suited to our peculiar needs. This is the old story: we want a big fleet, but not a big army. But if other Powers are going to have both big, we must too, whether we naturally want them or not. Germany soon will have a navy quite of the first rank; and Germany is not doing this by letting down her army.

Russia may one day have a big fleet. There may be on the American continent complications that will require from us at the same time both strong naval and military forces. Does Mr. Belloc really think our Army is and always has been large enough for every purpose to which it has been put? Did he think it good economy to pay five shillings a day for inefficient men in South Africa? Does he remember that we required 320,000 men in that war, though the enemy were comparatively few? Does this look like a little army serving the purpose of the British Empire? With a conscript system in full swing the Boer War would have cost much less and been over much sooner. And Mr. Haldane's favourite saying is that in running an army you must think first of war.

MR. ASQUITH'S FALLACIES.

ONE of our pressing national needs at present is that the Prime Minister should "write a pamphlet" on Free Trade, which he says he has not done. It would "pay" to let him have a six months' holiday, on full salary, for the purpose; better still, a six years' holiday without salary—which he will probably take soon. The attempt to write the pamphlet could hardly make him a Tariff Reformer, but it might teach him to make an intelligent defence for Free Trade, which would be a gain to the dignity of Parliament. Even in second-class football, we like to see the beaten side make a "show" worthy of the country, and we cannot accept a lower principle of comparison in first-class Prime-Ministership. There was no need for him to tell us that he had never written on his subject last Wednesday night. Writing on it, he would have been forced to think about it, if but a little, and having thought about it, even a little, he could never make such a speech. He is not more opposed to our views of national policy than Lord Morley; yet Lord Morley's speeches always impress us as at least worthy of the occasion and of the country's traditions. It suggests the difference between a thinker and a pleader; the man who has a conviction and the man who has "a case".

The Prime Minister's chief message was to repeat the same fallacy about our exported capital which so amazed Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons during the Tariff debates. Most of us who had studied this matter, of whatever party, hoped, for our national credit, that the Prime Minister might correct himself, or at least drop the absurdity until he had time to see how absurd it was; but instead of that he intrudes it on the public judgment again.

He still declines to admit the difference to his country between exporting her capital and investing it at home. The Englishman who sends £1000 into productive enterprise in the Argentine becomes to that extent a South American capitalist, not a British one. If we assume the turnover three times a year, and the wages one-third of prime cost, there will be something like a thousand a year paid in Argentine wages as a result of the thousand exported, not to mention the incidental encouragement in associated industries, for instance, in preparing the material on which this thousand a year is earned. In addition to the increased life and civilisation thus set moving with British capital in the Argentine, there is the necessary addition to the national wealth, and there is the corresponding increase in the educated classes, the people who are to earn salaries in management and general administration, all resulting from the industrial advance in which our initial thousand exported is an essential factor. Now, what does the United Kingdom get in respect of that exported thousand? The British investor in foreign enterprise is content with an average of five per cent. and good security, which would mean at best a sum of £50 coming home annually, as against all the increased advantages where the capital is at work. Then it does not follow that the £50 comes here. The tendency is rather to reinvest it there. The man who can send out the thousand is likely to leave the fifty along with it on the same footing. Should the £50 come home, it does not follow that it becomes capital here. More probably it is spent on living, which makes demands on the products of others, for their employment, but not to more than

one-third of the extent if it were used as reproductive capital. In this way the British owner of exported capital has all the "Free Trade" advantages of being able to buy and consume the "job lots" imported to starve our own workers, while the capital that might employ them is sent abroad to places where tariffs will not permit "job lots" to degrade the normal process in economic production.

His argument is still more amazing in regard to "that which comes back to you in return for the capital you have so exported". We have read this passage in his speech again and again, hoping to find that he did not really mean it; but the context affords no alternative. His ideas as to the German indemnity make it clear that he thinks exported capital "comes back to you" in equivalents—"as a rule, and to a preponderating extent, in the form of food and raw material sent by way of payment from the country to which British capital has been exported". Now, as an elementary fact in the matter, this exported capital does not come back. The British owner of the foreign shares may sell out sometimes, and if he reinvest reproductively at home, then the capital would come back in that instance; but even when he sells out, his tendency, and his necessity, is to reinvest somewhere else abroad, always under the increased security and with the increased profits afforded by foreign tariffs, as compared with the increasing traffic in international "job lots" by which "Free Trade" keeps our industrial capital at home always under harassing necessities, even where these have not yet made the position of our employer impossible. As a nation, our tendency is to become speculators in "job lots", at the expense of the very lives of our workers, without even a provision against the imported products of foreign "sweating" such as we try to secure against our own "sweaters" at home. Such is the "Free Trade" obsession that we cannot apply, as against the foreigner, even those restrictions which all parties agree in applying against those among ourselves who would degrade the national character and the industrial efficiency in our labour market by starvation wages and insanitary conditions of employment! This is where it hits our workers most vitally, and we have already shown where it hits our employers.

"What comes back to you" is not the capital, in any equivalents, but merely the interest on it, and, as we have shown, the tendency is to re-export as capital even that interest, less such amounts as are needed in house-keeping, &c.—on the consumption of more "job lots" from the foreigner. It is painful to think it, but the Prime Minister of England proves that he cannot see these profoundly vital distinctions—it is not possible for us to assume that he sees them, and, for purposes of party pleading, deliberately encourages his country to destruction.

He ignores recent history even as he ignores current facts; for example, "Free Trade has given us a higher standard with regard to wages and hours of labour". There are people still living who remember how the "Free Trade" employers of Lancashire kept their workers housed in sheds among the looms, fed them on "truck" porridge, whipped them up by daylight, forced them to work until dark, and paid them little more than the price of the porridge, at a time when vast fortunes were made in cotton manufacture, and economic ruffians, nearly all Radical, rose from clogs to carriages in less than a generation. When Tory members of the House of Lords first attempted to amend this profitable degradation, they were opposed at every point by the Cobdenists, who, fortified by the inhuman laissez-faire of Adam Smith, fought for the excessive profits of their organised cruelty to the working people. That was the beginning of the long battle for the economic redemption of the British workman; and yet the Prime Minister tells a London audience, apparently as ignorant as himself, that Free Trade has "given us a higher standard" of labour conditions. With "Free Trade" persistently inviting every "sweater" and every "job lot" speculator in civilisation to disorganise our own industrial system at home, it is far nearer the fact to say that the improvement in the conditions of labour has been in spite of "Free Trade".

BARON VON AEHRENTHAL'S SUCCESS.

THE rise of a dominant personality in European statesmanship is not an occurrence which happens in every generation. Since Napoleon there has been only Bismarck. It would be too soon to place the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister upon the pedestal of a Metternich even. But it would be idle to deny that there is a feeling—uneasy or otherwise—that the declining years of the Emperor Franz Josef have brought to the front an individuality already proclaimed by many hostile and friendly observers to be one of those strong and governing men who are capable of working the transformations which inaugurate epochs of politics or history. Baron von Aehrenthal does not stand alone. He is known to have behind him the Archduke successor to the Austro-Hungarian throne. But the Foreign Minister is himself a power which has revealed itself and which has been recognised as compact of rare energy and subtleness. The pacific revolution in Turkey conveyed to most nations and Governments no suggestion of more than the internal marvel which it was in an Ottoman land. Suddenly the announcement from Vienna that events had rendered necessary the change or development of the perpetual occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina into the formal sovereignty as well of the House of Habsburg rang across the world with a significance quite out of proportion to the apparent pettiness of the issues involved. The proclamation of Bulgaria as a kingdom was dwarfed in comparison. Yet Bosnia and Herzegovina had been quite notoriously inseparable provinces of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy for thirty years. There had not been the remotest chance of their ever returning to the dominion of Turkey. But at once there was conviction that an act of high policy had been done by a strong hand and will.

The impression was intensified by the febrile and ill-considered splutter of activity in which were united both the present and the recent titulars of the British Foreign Office. The old parliamentary jest or superstition: "When the Front Benches agree, things must be terribly wrong", had again its justification. Whosoever the business to fuss over the nominal alteration in the status of Bosnia and Herzegovina, it was certainly not the business of Sir Edward Grey and Lord Lansdowne. In the interest of the pacific and reforming revolution in Turkey itself, with which England was naturally sympathetic, it was about the worst possible kind of friendliness to seem to encourage a broil in which Turkey could reap little benefit about a quasi-technicality. Yet we had the "Times" and the "Daily News" advancing with linked bucklers and brandished leading articles, as if it mattered twopence to Little Pedlington or Stratford-atte-Bowe what was happening at Serajevo. It was a great pity, and it turned out to be a great blunder which powerfully contributed to what may be a great danger. If a totally different line had been adopted, we might have been able to help in doing no inconsiderable good to Serbia and Montenegro; while, on the contrary, what we have done has helped to raise and kindle exasperation on all sides which may have most tragic consequences. In the first place, Austrians and Hungarians, those old and attached friends of England and the English, were astounded, and then seriously annoyed at our inexplicable outburst. The Panslavists, ever ready to fish in troubled waters, were delighted, though quite as puzzled as anybody else to account for our behaviour. Saddest of all, the poor Servians and Montenegrins—excited to blind confidence by wonderful tales of British friendship and alliance—already saw themselves "uniting the Bosnian and Herzegovinian brothers" under the protecting guns of the British Navy! Even if Mr. McKenna and Dr. Macnamara in person were to command that British armada, it might fail to navigate the sea of mountains between Antivari and the Iron Gates. We have small enough regard for regicide Cabinets at Belgrade; but the furious deception of three millions of simple-minded swine-breeders is hardly a feat of Downing Street diplomacy to excite the admiring envy of Macchiavelli or Talleyrand.

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European happens as been ace the pedestal any that declin-ought to y many strong the ics or alone. cessor Foreign d itself of rare Turkey sugges- was in t from ange or ia and of the signi- tiness Bulgaria Bosnia arable thirty f their t once l been

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Politely admitting that, of course, the recognition of accomplished facts was always within the sphere of a European Conference, Baron von Aehrenthal quietly added that it remained for Austria-Hungary to accomplish the facts in direct negotiation with the only interests which were directly concerned. In spite of the annoying complication of a boycott of Austro-Hungarian goods in Turkey, for which public opinion at Pest and Vienna was now disposed to blame British intrigues, Baron von Aehrenthal entered into direct negotiation with the Turkish Government, and settled the difficulty by substantial concessions, which were certainly not too dear in view of the enormous importance of Turkish satisfaction and friendship. Meantime, Austria-Hungary's partner at Berlin had brought France to a pleased state of mind by conceding to the French in Morocco what the French Government had struggled for in vain before and after the Conference at Algeciras. The Ballplatz and the Wilhelmstrasse had perfect warranty for the conviction that neither M. Clemenceau nor the *épici* du coin had the slightest intention of mistaking unpronounceable backwoods on the Save and Danube for the all-important vicinity of Tunis and Algiers. Besides, the French investors have enormous sums in all sorts of concerns on both sides of the Dardanelles, and not less than £800,000,000 in Russian bonds and enterprises. Were they going to risk a disturbance of all that for the beaux yeux of the Balkan Committee?

Unfortunately the superiority of Baron von Aehrenthal to his diplomatic opponents is far more clearly established than the pacification of all the Pan-Slavists, Russians, Serbs, Servo-Russians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Hellenes of the Kingdom, Hellenes of the Outland, who have been thrown upon the warpath by all the talk of ententes, and compensations, and British fleets steaming over the mountains. There are two evident difficulties of a most troublesome character. In the first place, it is very hard for King Peter, his Crown Prince, and his regicide generals, after living for so many months in glowing dreams of a Great Serbia established by a miracle-working Conference of Europe, now to come down to the prosaic fact of their hopeless insignificance. If King Peter were to say quietly to-morrow to the quarter million of Serbian braves whom he has been drilling and exhibiting on the Austro-Hungarian frontiers, "Go home, my heroes; there is to be neither glory nor loot", might not the immediate result be very uncomfortable for the Karageorgevitch windpipes? Nor is the Pan-Slavist bogey in Russia itself entirely a bogey. M. Isvolsky's plaintive endeavour to outwit Baron von Aehrenthal has a good deal to do with the commotion. To bluff the successful Austrian, M. Isvolsky beat far too loudly on the Pan-Slavist kettledrum. The "South Slav Brother" has been to the Russian Foreign Minister something what the "Balkan Christian" is to the "Daily News" and the City Temple. Down to the present, Serbia has obstinately refused to alter its absurd contention that Bosnia and the Herzegovina have not been finally settled between Vienna and Constantinople, but can be disposed of by a "European Conference"; and Serbia still keeps its quarter million braves in menacing proximity to the peace and order of Kaiser Franz Josef's dominions. Count von Forgach's offer at Belgrade to arrange economic gratifications in return for an explicit withdrawal of piratical pretensions has been ineffective. But Austria-Hungary certainly cannot have its dominions permanently exposed to a monster raid of Belgrade and Cetinje desperadoes, nor go on indefinitely wasting £250,000 a week on a huge army of observation. M. Isvolsky and whoever may be the real Premier at Belgrade, and Sir Edward Grey, with the support of Lord Lansdowne, are by no means out of the wood. The Russian revolutionaries also, though scotched, may struggle to seize the opportunity of compassing their own aims under the Pan-Slavist agitation. Both London and St. Petersburg may find that a policy of bluff can excite anticipations and passions which are very difficult to reduce to normal inactivity.

A CHEAPJACK NAVY.

THE Cabinet are now beginning to realise the disadvantages of the make-believe policy which, with the active connivance of the Board of Admiralty, they have pursued for three years. Throughout this period there has been an active alliance between the Ministerial and Admiralty press. Public opinion was tricked so that the Government were enabled to cut down our ship-building to such an extent that the aggregate armoured tonnage of their three programmes was 34 per cent. less than Germany in the same period, and the number of destroyers was 36 per cent. less. Even in the year of scare, 1888, the Government were able to show that we had steadily spent twice as much, and laid down two ships to one, for four years past as compared with the next strongest naval Power in the world. For four years by means of every conceivable device we have advertised and magnified British advantages and disparaged and minimised German preparations. In Germany the contrary process was resorted to, and the utmost circulation was given to the British Admiralty's indiscretions in order to secure the success of the Government bloc at the elections, and with it increased estimates. The German Navy League, which is the strongest political organisation in Europe, or possibly in the world, was chosen as Prince von Bülow's caucus for the general election, and when subsequently a split had to be healed the Government successfully installed its most trusted sailor, Admiral von Koester, as the President of the League. On every single occasion what the German Navy League has asked for the German Government has done, a complaisance which rather suggests that the initiation after all rested with the Government itself. But since naval strength is relative, the declared object of the German Navy Bill of 1900 to jeopardise the supremacy of the greatest naval Power could also be achieved by a second objective in which the British Government would play their part. If fable tells us of the evil of alarmists crying "Wolf!" too often, history is infinitely more insistent on the danger of men who tell us to go to sleep. The German Government very soon realised the acute psychological factor in the situation, and if it had confined its efforts to hoodwinking the British public through British Ministers instead of British journalists, that great body which alternates between waking and sleeping might still be taking the soporific advice tendered it at a Lord Mayor's banquet less than two years ago. The letter of the Kaiser to a talkative Cabinet Minister was obviously a blunder, but the idea of assisting a "secret" report to the Kaiser from the Minister of Marine, Admiral von Tirpitz, to fall into the hands of a notoriously vain Sea Lord was a master-stroke worthy of Machiavelli's teaching in the special circumstances of the case. This document asserted that the British Navy was four times as strong as the German. No long period is likely to have occurred before the poison began to work. How many scribes circulated through the familiar portals of the Admiralty we do not know, but very soon the Admiralty and Ministerial press talked about our Navy being four times as strong as the German. At last Lord Eversley, one of the most enthusiastic protagonists of the anti-naval campaign, related in a contemporary how he had an interview with Sir John Fisher, who had assured him that we were four times as strong as Germany, and had backed the statement up by an account of the "secret" report.

So much for Act I. An interval of a few months elapsed, and on the curtain being raised again the Admiralty was as usual before the footlights. By some alchemy the whole situation was altered, though it takes two and a half years to build a battleship. The Admiralty press and the Ministerial press were no longer in alliance. "Two 'Dreadnoughts' were quite correct last year," said the Admiralty press, "but six is the irreducible minimum this year." The rest of the programme is stated to have been six cruisers, over twenty destroyers and some submarines. In sorrowful anger the Ministerial press asked in chorus why this sudden expansion if we were four times as strong as Germany a few months ago? One by one they commenced to

discipline the Sea Lords with threats to support the powerful demand for an inquiry which they once scoffed at. Suddenly they discovered that it is very disgraceful for a subordinate department to indulge in wholesale press inspiration. The Admiralty might break down the comradeship of the Navy, but it must not clip the trimming of a Budget. The Ministerial press now tells us all about the magnificent stand being made in the Cabinet. The Admiralty press calls upon us to admire the resigning Board of Admiralty. Diverting details are furnished to London dinner parties of a Prime Minister who refuses to preside at a meeting of Cabinet Ministers, and of indignant admirals who refuse to give evidence if the raider of hen-roosts acts as his locum tenens. The Prime Minister thus plays off the admirals against the malcontents, and the Ministerial press asks indignantly if the control of our finances is to be handed over to the admirals. In Peking the Regent would have told the malcontents that in the exercise of his clemency he would allow them to retire to their country seats to cure their rheumatism. Mr. George and Mr. Churchill, being younger and tougher than mandarins, stoutly decline to have rheumatism. It would all be extremely diverting if the scene were laid in Peking. Unfortunately it happens to be in London. The curtain drops on an arithmetical sum in "Dreadnoughts" variously interpreted and at present as puzzling as a message through a spirit-medium. However, the explanation is to be given immediately. It seems to have patched up an armed truce in the British Government's civil war. The Reduction of Armaments Committee have facilitated the Government's adoption of the mean course by tabling a resolution condemning any increase of the Navy Estimates, so rendering their resolution certain of utter defeat.

It appears from rumour that the Disarmament faction, who are so susceptible to the feelings of other nations, have brought forward a programme which entails the maximum of irritation in Germany. Instead of six "Dreadnoughts", because the country has need of them, we are to say that we intend to build four, and then to discuss over again the laying down of two more according to the degree of progress Germany makes. As the Little Navy party will undoubtedly attempt to whittle away the conditional "Dreadnoughts", we may expect a debate in which the most exclusive attention will be paid to the degree of progress which Germany is making with her shipbuilding programme. The Admiralty will enjoy the advantages of position in controlling the official sources of information from Germany. We may expect the Admiralty press to represent to us an entirely changed situation, a Krupp who has doubled his productive powers—which is perfectly true, though it did not occur in a day nor yet in a year—and an acceleration of German shipbuilding through expanded resources, with which, owing to the attenuated programme of past years, our own ordnance factories have not kept pace.

The real truth is that the balance of power has been compromised simply and solely by the so-called economies of the past and by the failure to have regular programmes guaranteeing an equal amount of work to the great naval contractors from year to year. That there was no undue secrecy about the acceleration of the German programme is shown by contrasting the first, second, or third instalments of the "Dreadnought"-era ships in the successive years.

INSTALMENTS IN POUNDS STERLING FOR GERMAN ARMoured SHIPS OF "DREADNOUGHT" ERA.

Battleships.	1906.	1907.	1908.	1909.
First instalment .	273,972	273,972	479,454	479,454
Second " .	—	601,762	601,768	804,304
Third " .	—	—	499,020	499,020
Cruisers.				
First instalment .	225,079	249,510	401,174	479,454
Second " .	—	425,636	576,321	723,089
Third " .	—	—	376,711	520,548

The increase in 1908 was known in October 1907, and, taken in conjunction with the fall in the price of materials, was of a startling character to those who were not possessed of exceptional sources of information. It will also be observed that the first instalment for a cruiser in 1909 is the same as that for a battleship, and it is con-

ceivable that the vessel is to be a battleship in disguise. It is impossible to tell, for whereas in the old days before 1905, when the British Admiralty set the example of spurious secrecy and furious advertisement, we knew all about foreign ships, the Admiralty now confess that they know nothing even of the armaments of German ships of the 1906 programme. Between the Government policy of disarmament as an example and the Admiralty's plan of keeping Parliament in the dark and favoured journalists in the light, it would be difficult to judge which is the more futile and which has done the more harm.

THE TRUSTEE A TOUT FAIRE.

NEW things catch on with the public so slowly that we believe many people will be surprised to hear of the very existence of the Public Trustee. It is quite possible they will imagine this article to be an argument for the appointment of such an official founded on some new scandal of defaulting trustees. Instead of its being this, the object of it is to call attention to the fact that Mr. C. J. Stewart's report of his first year's work as Public Trustee has already been presented to Parliament. The Act under which he was appointed came into operation in January 1908, but his office was opened in October 1907. Rules and orders had to be prepared and the office organised; and, not less important, the powers and duties of the new Trustee had to be made known to the public. Mr. Stewart was zealous, and chiefly the solicitors, who were watching him with jealous eyes, accused him of advertising. It seems to us he did just what he ought to have done. He was advertising a system, not a man. The system was one for which there had been a demand for years; and it came at last largely because the legal profession could not agree upon any scheme of their own which would make their clients' trust estates more secure. They stood on their dignity and protested, not without some reason, that only a small percentage of solicitor-trustees misappropriated trust funds. Nor are they the only trustees who make away with trust funds or who do not furnish accounts or who mismanage their beneficiaries' property. But they have great influence over trustees and executors, and control most of the estates great and small. So that the anxiety about the safety of trust funds and the dissatisfaction against the system of private trusteeship were concentrated upon the solicitors. The first step the Public Trustee had to take was to publish far and wide the fact that a new system had been established which might be used to control the domination of solicitors or solicitor-trustees. The public had to learn that where there were difficulties about one person being the only trustee of an estate, or about getting new trustees appointed, or saving property from being wasted for want of trustees, a Public Trustee was at last available. But it was not less necessary to spread information for the benefit of people who were about to make wills and who would go to solicitors for the purpose. They were to be told that the Public Trustee might be appointed as sole trustee of a will or along with other trustees. Solicitors themselves would not be eager to push the Public Trustee's business; so the Public Trustee was forced to advertise himself and his office. He was sanguine, and was criticised for being so. Solicitors prophesied that the working would be expensive, the red tape monstrous, the incapacity glaring, of an official to take the place of private trustees personally familiar with the family affairs of their testators. This first year's report is a fair answer, we think, to them; and it should be the most effective advertisement the Public Trustee has issued, as he now speaks from experience and not in anticipation of experience.

So far from the fees being burdensome, it appears from the account Mr. Stewart gives of some of the cases that have passed through his hands that the office fees are too small if anything. There is a staff of fifty persons, and the expenditure exceeds by £2000 the revenue. It is fair criticism whether or not this deficit should be made up by the State. In the case of the High Court, the suitors' fees do not pay the expenses; whilst

in that of the County Courts suitors' fees leave a favourable balance to the State. It is a great advantage to small estates that legal questions which often arise can be referred by the Public Trustee to a judge without any expense, this being covered by the scale fees. Thus legal fees are saved which would otherwise make a considerable inroad on a small estate. Then during the year the office has written 20,000 letters and answered 9000 enquiries. We may suppose reasonably that a good many of these would have been charged for by solicitors. Here again the deficit is a measure of the extent to which the State is transacting for nothing the business of private persons. But possibly expenses of this kind may not be so heavy when the office has become better known and has got into regular working order. Its business is growing, as may be seen by comparing the £500 of fees received in the first quarter of the year with the £1771 that was received in the last quarter, the whole fees for the year being over £4000. The value of the trust estates is now over a million and a half, and includes all the usual classes of investment. The Public Trustee also acts as executor of wills; and he states that intending testators have informed him of their intention to appoint him as such to estates estimated at £19,000,000. It is rather curious, after all that has been said about the advantage of a Public Trustee for holding securities and safeguarding them, that it is not as a custodian trustee that he has been most in request. When he is only this he takes no part in the management of testators' estates; and the personal trustees continue as usual, and if they retire or die others have to be appointed. There is the difficulty also of finding persons competent and willing to act, which is one of the greatest in connexion with the private trustee system. So the appointment of the Public Trustee merely as custodian avoids none of these drawbacks. Testators have shown therefore that when they appoint the Public Trustee they want him as an ordinary trustee who can share in the management and do all that is necessary.

We may notice two very interesting points to show how some of the most difficult and delicate tasks that often fall on private trustees are managed by the Public Trustee. He has forty-six children under his care. For some of them he has had to find homes, and outfits, and schools for them at home or abroad have been selected. "In one case a scheme of education for a large family was prepared. Season tickets have been taken for sons entering on business careers, and pocket money fixed." Another class of cases is where medical aid at a hospital or nursing home has been procured. "A companion has been found for an infirm person, and special arrangements have been made to meet the needs of beneficiaries who are mentally affected." We cannot say whether the Public Trustee fulfils such delicate duties as well, better, or worse than the ordinary trustee. A tradition of his office will no doubt spread, and according to it testators will or will not entrust these duties to the Public Trustee, or trustees and beneficiaries hand them over to him. It is worth mentioning in this connexion that at the request of the Master of the Rolls the Public Trustee has undertaken to administer the sums paid into Court for the benefit of minors and others.

The other point we referred to is the carrying on of businesses by the Public Trustee. This is a particularly dangerous and thankless task for the ordinary trustee, as he may become liable for losses. So may the Public Trustee, but there is the State behind him. Hence no business may be carried on by him for more than eighteen months. In his first year the Public Trustee has agreed to act in four such cases. When he took them over "the business was being carried on at a loss or depreciating in value. Arrangements were made for controlling the management of the business from week to week, the loss due to trading was stopped, unprofitable contracts were dealt with, and in each case the business was ultimately disposed of with profit to the estate. The total value realised was £26,178." It would take us too far into technical details to follow the Public Trustee in his account of the many useful functions he performs in trusteeships,

executorships, and administration of estates on intestacy, or the transfer of estates from other trustees or executors into his hands. But we must refer to a power he has, though he is not a trustee, to secure an audit and investigation of the accounts of a trust. Nothing produces more ill-feeling and suspicion between trustees, beneficiaries, and solicitors. There may be undue suspicion or there may be undue resentment of the suspicion; but it is certain that many frauds and losses would be prevented if trustee and executor accounts were duly investigated and audited. Formerly when patience was exhausted, the only remedy was an application to the Court. Now a person aggrieved may apply to the Public Trustee without any formal procedure. During the year he has had forty applications for audit, and he has granted fifteen. Nine of the audits resulted in findings adverse to the trustees. In many of the cases he has been able to obtain the desired information, and to satisfy the applicants, without proceeding to an investigation. In other cases the announced intention to demand an audit would seem to have brought evasive or contentious trustees to a sense of their duty to furnish proper accounts.

The general impression made by the report is that the Public Trustee is a useful complement to our system of private trust and executorship. He may not supersede it; but testators will be relieved in many cases from imposing and trustees and executors from accepting difficult and thankless duties. Solicitors may claim some sympathy, but Mr. Stewart conciliates them as far as possible; and where legal business has to be done the family solicitor is given it.

THE CITY.

ONCE more the Balkan scare has died down, and as Serbia has formally renounced all claims to compensation it may be believed that the chance of war has at last been eliminated as an adverse factor to markets. But business is not very grand, and operators are probably waiting for the Budget, though we should think that an increased income-tax and land-tax have been discounted.

The output of gold from the Transvaal mines for February naturally shows a decrease as compared with that of January, as there are three less days in the account. Compared with the output for February 1908 it shows a large increase, and it may be said that the mines on the Rand are increasing their output steadily by about £100,000 a month. The best speculative purchases are in our judgment City Deep, Village Deep, Apex, Modders, and Rand Mines, though we are inclined to doubt any substantial rise before Easter: but "You never can tell". There has been liquidation in the Jungle market, probably by tired bulls. Fanti Consols, quoted ex rights at 16s., are cheap. We hear good accounts of Oroya Brownhill, which are also quoted about 16s., and are also cheap. Tanganyikas are hard and seem inclined to rise, and must take with them Zambesia Exploring.

The brokers of the Aguas Blancas Railway Company were fairly "snowed under" by applications for the issue of £900,000 first mortgage debenture stock at 94, paying 4½ per cent., and thus yielding 4¾ per cent. The Aguas Blancas is a Chilean railway running from the port of Coloso in Chili to the Aguas Blancas nitrate district. The issue is guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Antofagasta Railway Company, which bought the undertaking at a price "considerably below the cost". The annual sum required to cover the interest and redemption of the present issue of debenture stock is about £56,000: the present net revenue of the Aguas Blancas Railway is, as shown by its books for 1908, £69,016, which covers the guarantee of the Antofagasta Railway Company, itself earning a net revenue of £253,000. The Aguas Blancas Railway is capable of earning a net income of £130,000 when the extension to the Remiendos nitrate fields is made at a cost of £150,000, according to the report of Mr. Arthur Macdonald C.E. Messrs. J. Henry Schröder and Co. (one of the few financial houses whose reputation

has been undamaged by recent events) have purchased this debenture stock, and are reselling to the public. It is an absolutely sound investment, certain to rise to par, and should be applied for before it does so. Another South American issue which has also been well received is that of the Brazilian State of Alagoas £200,000 5 per cent. bonds at 85 per cent.

The news published in the "Times" of the 9th inst. about the Shanghai-Hang-chau-Ning-po Railway is very serious, and must injure the reputation of the issuing house. Exactly a year ago £1,500,000 was subscribed in London for bonds, out of which the railway was to be constructed in three years. The loan contract was signed by the representative of the British and Chinese Corporation, of which Mr. Keswick M.P. is chairman, and the Chinese Ministry of Communications. The construction and control of the railway were to be vested in the Chinese Imperial Government; but there was to be a British chief engineer, who was to be consulted in the appointment and removal of the technical staff, and in accepting tenders for material, other things being equal, British goods were to have the preference. The Peking correspondent of the "Times" writes: "It is with regret that I now have to report that the loan conditions have been violated, the loan funds are being squandered, and the interests of the British bondholders jeopardised". It appears that the Chinese Ministry of Communications secretly repealed by decree the British agreement, and handed over the contract and the funds to two provincial Chinese railway companies, who have muddled away and squandered the funds in unsafe bridges, native-made rails, soft wood sleepers wrongly ballasted in rotten soil, &c. Eight different patterns of rolling stock are in use (each of the Chinese directors having the right in turn to order materials), very little of the line has been made, and what has been laid is said to have about one year's life. The British engineer is ignored and is powerless; the Chinese Minister withdrew large sums of money from the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank and lodged them in a native bank without any engineer's certificates. The president of the Chinese Ministry of Communications has been impeached for "thieving extraordinary" (in regard to other business), and has been cashiered. Altogether it is a great scandal, and the British and Chinese Corporation should at once try to save what remains of the money subscribed by British investors. Naturally these revelations have had an unfavourable effect upon the prices of Chinese railways, though it may be hoped this is an exceptionally bad case.

"NAN PILGRIM."

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

IF Mrs. Percy Dearmer had but trusted herself and her theme, "Nan Pilgrim" (twice performed at the Court Theatre this week) would have been an extremely interesting play. I do not say it would have been a technically good play. That is more than a reasonable critic would expect an author's first play to be. My advice to those about to write plays is to dismiss all critics, reasonable or otherwise, from their minds; to think not at all about what is supposed to be necessary in making a play dramatic; to forget the managers; to forget the public; simply to go straight ahead, trusting that their knowledge of life, their sympathy, their imagination, will bring them to the goal. If they will behave thus, at any rate they will produce interesting work—supposing, of course, that they themselves are gifted persons. Such a person is Mrs. Dearmer, as her readers well know. But evidently, so soon as she had whispered to herself "I will write a play", she was seized with a fit of uncontrollable modesty, and was overwhelmed by a sense of her rashness in venturing towards the frontier of that mystic and perilous land which the sphere of drama is commonly supposed to be. It was no source of confidence to her that she had conceived two characters who were quite alive, and that she had conceived them in a relation that put them both to the test and was psychologically exciting. "What excites me

at a writing-table", she gloomily murmured, "won't excite an audience." Intimidating apothegms floated up to her from the dramatic criticisms that she had read, and from the talk she had heard about plays. "The main thing is the story", "There must be a progression of incidents", etc., etc. And so she devoted the best of her energies to the fabrication of a story—the sort of story that seemed to her likely to be understood by the average member of the public—leading up to that "strong situation in the third act" which she had been taught to believe essential to the art of play-writing. The fear of being dull is the rock she split on.

The two characters of whom I have spoken are a clergyman and his wife, living on an income of rather less than two hundred pounds a year, in a squalid district of London. They have been married for a year or two. Nan Pilgrim had been an art-student, and she still sees the friends she had before her marriage—high-spirited and happy-go-lucky creatures, whose view of life is anti-polar to John Pilgrim's. To him life is a business of self-sacrifice. Joy, beauty, and the rest of it, are gauds which it is one's duty to eschew. Even his love for his wife is suspect to him. He tells her that he loves her more than is good for his soul. She is equally in love with him, but has no misgivings as to the propriety of her sentiment. What troubles her is the unloveliness of their external life—the littleness and sordidness of it, day after day. She does her duty well enough—district-visiting, giving "work parties", and so on; but her soul cries out for beauty and gaiety. Thus, for each of these two people is a highly promising inward conflict: in her, the conflict between her love for him and her distaste for the existence into which he has brought her; in him, the conflict between his devotion to her and his devotion to his spiritual ideals. On the one hand, the struggles of a captured Pagan; on the other, the qualms of a celibate astray. In the clash between these two self-conflicting persons are the makings of a finely dramatic play. Suppose, for instance, that in John Pilgrim the celibate instinct overcame the conjugal instinct enough to make Nan's hatred of the circumstances of her life become stronger than her love for her husband. Suppose that her unreciprocated ardour went to make irresistible her longing for the life of freedom and gaiety. Suppose she defied her husband, and insisted on having a good time, and perhaps definitely encouraged some man, who did not share her husband's scruples. And suppose she found that, after all, it was her husband that she loved better than this way of life, and the only question were whether he would forgive her, etc., etc. You see there was plenty of interest to be got out of the material that Mrs. Dearmer had chosen. Mrs. Dearmer perceived it all, doubtless. But she thought that what was really needed to carry a play through was theatrical intrigue leading to theatrical misunderstanding and to that "strong scene in the third act". So she did not trouble to develop any true conflict between the two Pilgrims. Here is what happens. Nan is told by the doctor that John, who is a man of delicate physique, is killing himself by overwork in his parish and by not taking proper nourishment. John must have plenty of succulent food, must drink good port-wine regularly, and so on. How to pay for such luxuries? Nan has, as it is, the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet, and has "one terrible debt—of five pounds". Well, her friend Robert Wentworth, the painter, wants her to sit for his "Alcestis". He is convinced (in the immemorial manner of painters, on the stage) that this picture will be his "magnum opus" if she will pose to him; and he would pay her at the rate of ten shillings a sitting. This, as she points out to John, would save the situation. John won't hear of it. It is conceivable that he, being what he is, might prefer that his wife should be a widow rather than she should earn a little money pleasantly. But it is not conceivable that Nan, who is of a character quite as strong as his, would not tell him that she must, since he so fatuously refused permission, take the law into her own hands. She assuredly would not, with the certainty of being found out sooner or later, proceed to sit every morning to Wentworth, while pretending to her husband that she had been visiting this and that sick

person in her "district". However, that is what Mrs. Dearmer (armed with stage precedents) makes her do. And of course (here comes another bundle of stage precedents) the moment the high-souled, simple, trustful, loving husband receives a letter to tell him what his wife is doing, he jumps straight to the conclusion that she is Wentworth's mistress. Otherwise, how should we get the "strong scene in the third act"? This act passes, I need hardly say, in the studio; and Mr. Ben Webster, as Wentworth, in the traditional velvet jacket, with the traditional mahl-stick, with the traditional pots of azalea, with the traditional bits of brocade hung over screens, and with the various other appurtenances that are never seen in a studio off the stage, is dabbling at the traditional "magnum opus"—of which Mr. Ben Webster, by a disastrous oversight, gave the audience on the O.P. side a quite good view enough to leave no doubt that "Alcestis" was a work by Sir Edward Poynter at his very worst. Mrs. Dearmer seems to snatch an awful joy in not omitting from this act a single one of the theatric traditions for life in a studio. Wentworth is induced to make a long and florid oration to explain the "meaning" that is in his picture. A lady of fashion, with a lorgnette, insults the model. Rien ne manque. After these preparations, the model is left alone with the painter, who declares his love, and kisses her by force. She repulses him and shames him, and he says "Good-bye, my Princess". Enter anon the furious husband. Vainly does Nan try to persuade him of her innocence. He puts a test question: "Can you deny that he has kissed you?" She has no reply to this; and judgment goes by default. "You are no longer my wife. You are his mistress." Curtain on strong scene in third act.

In the last act, having got that strong scene off her mind, Mrs. Dearmer resumes something of the sincerity which marked the early scenes of the play. The scene between the moribund John Pilgrim and his wife is thoroughly well written, with no false note. Its only fault is that it is not, as it might have been, an unwinding: it is merely an ending. Nan declares that she sees now that the things she rated so high are as nothing: all that matters is her love for him. But, as you have seen, she had never ceased for a moment to love him—hadn't known what it was like *not* to love him. Nothing has happened that would enable her to make up her mind really. There has been no development in her. I hope Mrs. Dearmer in her next play will let her characters have the benefit of their vitality. Nan and John Pilgrim are fully vital, but in the lumber of theatrical convention there is no room for them to move.

The part of Nan was very well played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who presented exactly the type of blitheness and eagerness that was needed. Mr. Holmes-Gore, as John, seemed to be in some doubt as to how an ascetic clergyman comports himself when he's at home; but when John was lifted out of the sphere of the particular into that of the general, and became simply a dying man, Mr. Holmes-Gore ceased to be uncomfortable, and played very touchingly.

At the Vaudeville Theatre there is a most amusing comedy, "The Head of the Firm", translated from the Danish by Mr. Leslie Faber. I am sorry I have not space in which to write about it this week. Like Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife", which I have not yet seen, its theme is an industrial "strike". I shall deal with the two plays together next week.

THE NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

By FILSON YOUNG.

THE alliance of Mr. Landon Ronald with the New Symphony Orchestra is one of those events which tempt the spirit of prophecy; and I would like to place on record my opinion that if they stick together and weather the storms and difficulties with which the career of orchestral enterprise is strewn they will together establish in London a kind of tradition that has been lacking since Mr. Henschel ceased to conduct in the old S. James' Hall. There was then an atmosphere, a

stimmung, which is common enough in Continental concert-rooms but rare in England; a concentration of serious amateur critical opinion and a spirit of artistic earnestness about both listeners and performers that modern smartness and business push have of late tended to banish from Queen's Hall. But I noticed signs of this old and delightful atmosphere at the first concert of the New Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. No one could doubt for a moment that Mr. Landon Ronald and his band were in deadly earnest, and that they had already established that understanding and coherence which is one of the first necessities of first-rate orchestral work. And I prophesy great success for this combination (always provided it holds together) for the following reasons: because the orchestra is composed entirely of really fine musicians who are young enough to realise that they have always something to learn; and because in Mr. Landon Ronald they have one of the most striking personalities that have appeared in our musical life for many years. He has an experience wider than that of any other English conductor of his age. True, he has made plenty of mistakes in his career, and if he finds that for a little while people are inclined to associate him with the music heard in the drawing-rooms of rich Orientals, with the vain and inartistic doings that surround the personalities of operatic stars, with a success which is not free from the suspicion of being due to the influence of great people, he has only himself to blame. But no one who saw him conduct Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony from memory on Wednesday or heard his beautiful and quite new rendering of the "Oberon" Overture could doubt that he is first of all a born conductor, and, second, a musician who has absolutely and thoroughly equipped himself with the highest technique of his art. In a word, he is a master; they recognised him as that in Berlin on his first appearance there, and gave him a reception such as no English conductor has ever received; but we in England are very slow to admit that we can produce anything really great unless it is allied with a long and conspicuous career of commercial success. And such is our incredible stupidity in these matters that it will no doubt take us a good while to forget that Mr. Landon Ronald has arranged music in drawing-rooms and frequented the mansions of the great and the rich—in other words, that he has earned his living in the only way possible to a young musician who is not a performer or a teacher, but who intends to be a conductor.

I hope soon to write a series of articles on the personalities and methods of different conductors, so I will leave Mr. Landon Ronald for the present and go on to say something about the New Symphony Orchestra. One inevitably compares it with the Queen's Hall Orchestra and with what is at its best the greatest orchestra in England and one of the finest orchestras in the world—the London Symphony Orchestra. It lacks the machine-like finish with which Mr. Wood's band performs music of every kind, and therefore in kinds of music that require such precision and polish it is inferior to the Queen's Hall Band; and for the present at any rate it does not boast a collection of incomparable artists such as are the glory of the London Symphony Orchestra. But the foundation of every orchestra is the string quartet, and in my opinion the New Symphony Orchestra is in this respect better than either of its two great rivals. That is where the youth and the seriousness of its membership tells; for there is nothing in which either fatigue or lack of conscientiousness or of interest can make such a difference as in the playing of string instruments. Every stroke of the bow or *nuance* requires a little more trouble if it is to be done the right way than if it is to be done the wrong way, and if the exactly right tone is to be got from the instruments; and I find in the strings, especially the violins, of the New Symphony Orchestra a beautiful vitality and roundness of tone that ought some day, if only they cultivate it and keep it up, to be worth thousands of pounds to them. The brass is good, but needs more experience in ensemble playing before it will begin to tell; at present it has the common fault of standing out too much as a separate department, and not falling into place as a component part of the

orchestra. But how far this may be the fault of the players, or how far the fault of Mr. Landon Ronald, I am unable to say. With regard to the wood-wind, the horns, oboes, clarinets and flutes boast at least one first-rate artist each; but I think a good deal is yet to be done in improving the balance of tone between them; and I also hold that an orchestra in which the strings and clarinets have such a big tone should play habitually with four bassoons instead of two; otherwise there is a weak link between the lower strings and the middle wood-wind. These are all healthy faults that practice will soon put right; in fact, one could hardly imagine a more hopeful set of defects than those which one observes in this orchestra.

Wednesday's concert—which would have been memorable if only for the splendid performance of the Tchaikovsky Symphony, in which Mr. Landon Ronald came nearer to the gloom and fire of Nikisch than any other conductor I have heard—was further made interesting by the production of Mr. William Wallace's symphonic poem, entitled "François Villon", which was heard for the first time, and conducted by the composer. It is a curious intricate work of the modern, but not the ultra-modern, school; it is influenced by Strauss rather than by Debussy, with whose work it has nothing in common. But Mr. William Wallace, who is a few years older than Strauss, has always written in a style characteristically his own; and although it is a style not perhaps entirely congenial to the average English concert-goer, his new work is full of beautiful material, beautifully wrought. It contains many memorable and haunting themes; but the treatment is philosophical rather than emotional, as it seems to me that a composer always loses ground if he lets his head get the better of his heart. Mr. Wallace's work, however, even making full allowance for such defects as it may have (and they are rather matters of personal taste and idiosyncrasy than artistic defects), is by far the most important work of an English composer heard since Elgar's Symphony was produced, and I look forward to hearing it again. Why does Mr. Wood never play Mr. Wallace's works? He would be an admirable interpreter of a musical style so various, so interesting, and so creditable to the English school. "Villon" is a work of which not Mr. Wallace only, but all of us, should be proud.

Miss Irene Scharrer gave a beautiful performance of Saint-Saëns' Concerto in G Minor. She has a delightful grace, a quite splendid technique, and, for so young an artist, an astonishing grasp of the large outlines of a composition. She was fortunate in her orchestral accompaniment, which had a finish and polish unusual in concerto performances; and she played as an encore the extremely clever and beautiful "Nigger Dance" of Mr. Cyril Scott—a musician who has no business ever to write less well than he has written here. . . . And only just now do I see why this was such a delightful concert. Everything in it was good, and yet everything contained promises of even greater things in the future. The art of everybody represented was young, vital, crescent art—a youthful conductor, a youthful orchestra, a youthful player, and composers whose work had the adorable youthful quality of promise as well as achievement.

PENS.

BY LORD DUNSANY.

IT is wonderful what dull things a brazen nib will say. He has a million fellows whose voices are all alike. His home was some dark factory, and he does not even perceive the terror of it. His talk is topics of interest and of "records". As for a stilograph, I can no longer touch one without being haunted at once by the terrible face of a clean-shaven man who asks me in seventeen different ways why I do not buy a Boojum. But full of country spaces and wide breezes is the soul of the quill. Left to himself, he will tell of many-gabled farms, of old thatches, of old ways and of very quiet places. He will tell of processions pacing solemnly over some field, and of the green pond at the end of it, and of the sweet weeds to be found therein and the soft, familiar

mud. He knows well village greens, and the way that the wind will come; he knows the seasons of the caravans and strange nomadic songs; he guesses the mystery behind far hills. He could tell even now of the forgotten village dance. He knows the hatred that is fixed of old between the geese and the traffic.

Of these things one may write with the common quill.

But had I a long grey feather from the wild goose's wing, what regions might I not write of, what marvellous cloudlands! What a comrade for one's fancy were such a feather, for it is all magical with those great birds' tumultuous outcry. With such a pen I could prophesy the snow and the coming out from his white gates of the north wind. With such a pen I could tell the Boreal song, and the music that is made with clinking ice on huge lakes thawing slowly; I should know when the flocks first broke in Arctic harbours; I should feel in my forefinger the furthest rumour of spring or ever the snowdrops heard it; I should tell of the dawns emerging from night along the reaches of Shannon; and of the purple sea in Ireland's midst, that smiles and smiles at the heather, waiting for bones of men; but of its treachery my pen would not tell. Of the clouds robed in crimson would I tell, and of their riding southward; of the sudden accession of winter, and of all birds going southward; and of the north wind leading them, and an ancient faith, through desolate banks of mist.

I would tell of the soft snow meeting them by night—soft snow that is like the sleep, without any dreams, of someone who was weary a thousand years ago. I would tell of dawn over white counties; I would hint of the terror that abides in cities, of the mystery of bells, and the tale of a cry going southwards; and then the sight of the fens snowy and gleaming, and a heron always watching, and afar a windmill appearing, the only insignia of man—and that forsaken—and thousands of waving reeds, and the sound of an old song singing.

For such a pen would have seen many lands and would have been the herald of the seasons; would have raced with poets' fancies between the stars and the steeples; would have known the sea as a home and the wild tides as a cradle; and would have seen the great bergs, lured by spring, forsake their allegiance to the northern hills.

Such pens are not easily come by. One must have watched in the lonely places the birth of many stars, lying concealed with rushes. One must let the duck go by and never fire at them; one must let the water creep in as it will; one must let it freeze if it will. One must outlast the fighting of the duck and the inquisitive visits of the green plover, and all the sounds of evening, except, perhaps, the remote bark of some lonely dog, who patiently guards the days of an isolated but contented life in a little old hut at the end of a lane that lost itself years ago in the purple bog. And one night the geese will come, looking unnaturally vast, perhaps, against a remnant of the sunset, and with a sound like cheering heard in a far-off city.

Or by the shores of unmolested rivers one may watch for them when the night is barely gone—they seem to ebb and flow with the tide of night.

Recently in a wide marsh I heard them suddenly by day, and they sailed in and alighted while I lay quite still. For a long while I crept towards them until the water became too shallow to hide me, and they rose far off, and I fired at them with large shot and missed; and they remained romantic to me and full of mystery as the things that we do not grasp, and all soared safely away into those spaces where man in the present century awkwardly flounders like a beggar trying the hang of a royal cloak. And now, though not at the time, I am glad that they soared away, trailing their voice over blue leagues of sky, to go back again, strangely guided, to northern flocks before our daffodils blow; and, going back, to appear through rifts in fog far over terrible cities, to the wonderment of faint and toiling men.

For to me their cry is of lands that the swallow fears, and the blackbird cannot sing of, whose glittering hills the skylark has not known, nor the nightingale imagined.

CENTENARY ODE ON EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

I.

IF the meteor mind, swift-ranger,
 Destroyer and all-changer,
 Must die on earth a stranger
 Leaving a trail
 Of brilliance frail

A portent and a danger,

Then Death, thou kindly goader,
 Most subtly-cloak'd corroder
 Whom Man, the blind-foreboder
 Who feels thee come
 With footfall dumb,
 Holds ever in malodour,

Hail! friendly overthrower,
 Sifter of fames, foreknower,
 Before thee eyelids lower
 And droop away
 The gods of day;
 But Thou art sight-bestower!

For all men's fames, O sternest
 Deific priest, thou burnest
 On altars deeply-furnaced
 Aloft the peak
 All climbers seek
 Thou winnowest, thou discernest!

And when Thy embrace uncloaketh
 The false and true it yoketh,
 When slow libation smoketh
 And all the host
 That wronged him most
 The singer's urn convoketh,

How utterly remouldeth
 The flame that all enfoldeth!
 No more the scolder scoldeth,
 One would have said
 Some God were dead;
 He worships who beholdeth.

Night sinks unto the verges,
 Fierce hate no longer urges,
 Foe beside foe emerges,
 The wild beasts slake
 At one fell lake
 The desert in their gorges.

How soon the crowd bemoaneth
 As though such grief atoneth
 The beauty it dethroneth;
 It shrines the pen
 The mantle then,
 The man himself it stoneth!

Now by the brain they blunted,
 Now by the heart they hunted,
 Now by the soul they stunted,
 Even here to-night
 In the banquet-light,
 The cowards are confronted!

And at last the song confuted
 Of this vagabond sweet-luted,
 Celestial, persecuted,
 Poor mystagogue,
 Or drunken rogue,
 Is by the world saluted.

* Parts of this poem, unrevised and unintelligibly detached from the context, have appeared in the daily papers. The whole is given here as revised by the author.—ED. S. R.

O wise and worldly legion
 Unearthly pride took siege on
 The brow ye thrust prestige on!
 This star-lit pall
 Disdains us all
 And Earth's discordant region.

II.

When I think of him, comes gliding
 A perfume strange, abiding
 Of a flower I saw when riding
 One summer night
 In the Dolomite
 When stars did all the guiding.

Earth shone an ice-cold planet
 With never an eye to scan it
 And no God's breath to man it,
 And below me fell
 Heights, sheer to hell,
 One gloomy wall like granite.

Dismounted, I leaned over
 And the dim chasm did discover
 Far down, where eagles hover,
 On a footless place
 In the precipice face
 Sky-colour'd flowers, in clover.

As I gazed down, fear-dissembling,
 Their moon-lit bells, assembling
 Azure virgins, resembling
 Exquisite dancers
 Waved me up answers
 Out of that gulf of trembling.

So, 'mid inhuman splendour
 Chaotic, bleak, untender
 To all that skies engender,
 In giddy air
 These poems rare
 Do flutter, wild and slender.

III.

Therefore we hail him, winged poet undated,
 Backward-gazer, seer Chaldean belated,
 Hymning Terror and Chaos, as Earth in her vagrance
 Leaves long behind her in space wild tresses of
 fragrance,—
 Hymning all wonder, as momentarily grey Earth breaketh
 Still into spaces new, and new-eyed awaketh!

He floats in the ivory boat he hath carved for pleasure,
 On, down a faery gorge, as one treads a measure,
 Bound for the paradise still where his heart hath treasure.
 Deep-wombed valleys delight him, ambrosial, clouded
 Clear streams wan with lilies and forest-shrouded,
 Walled by autumnal mountains, all sunset-lustred,
 Streams that mirror the cypress, dark, cedar-clustered.

Down the mid-flood he bears through a vaporous Rhine-
 land

Borne in his pluméd shallop by pool and vineland
 (Strange and phantasmal country!) by towers enchanted
 Ablaze with his enemies' souls or by demons haunted.
 Broaderies droop no longer from keep or casement
 Ruins honeycombed with horror, and foul abasement.
 Rats swim off in the water—dead shoulders welter—
 Cold on the bulwark, lo, a dead hand craves shelter.
 No, he must hasten past, this poet unfriended,
 He too is shelterless, cold, till this voyage be ended.

Melodies dark he sings, low-toned, melancholy,
He too has wrestled with Gods in his radiant folly,
He too has felt the breath of passion too near him—
Still the lost ecstasy clings, and lost arms ensphere him.
O high houses crumbling down to the water,
He seeks one lost and gone, the heaven's wise daughter !
Named under many names, although none recalls her—
Ligeia or Berenice, ah, what befalls her ?

Valleys and forests and cities that Time enchanteth,
Have they not marked her passing for whom he
panteth ?

"None hath gone by, O Genius serene and sombre !
Whom dost thou still pursue, through waking and
slumber ?"

"I seek one face alone on my soul's arrival
At Hades' glimmering wharves, one divine survival !"
"Lo ! she thy lost one it is, who in airs above thee
Urges thy faery sail with the lips that love thee !
She took thy sore heart hence, and shall heal its bruises
Far in the deathless country, the land of Muses. . . ."

IV.

Glory unto thee, high Beauty, light in the dreariness,
Poised fragility, pure with the spirit's clearness !
Strengths ungauged, unguessed, in thy petals shining
Blown from the deeps of God through the heart divining.
Again and again for ever to Beauty returning
Back must the eyes revert, and the lips be yearning.
Panting we pause, for a sibylline whisper reigneth ;
By its perfection only the song enchaineth.
Here at the tempest's core is that windless zone
Of poise. . . . Here the wave of Beauty, spreading its
tone

Bell-like, the light Uranian, ringing unknown
Wider than the wave ethereal, murmurs alone.

HERBERT TRENCH.

A FARMER.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

IT was not so much the death of Barehills that shocked the neighbourhood ; it was the fact that he left but ten pounds in the bank. Here was a man who had passed for a solid and enduring farmer, even through the leanest years of farming England has ever known, the black years in the 'eighties. Why Barehills had saved so little money no one has been quite able to tell. He had no steward. He was his own foreman. He was not trained at an agricultural college. He was born and bred to the thing ; had munched a cold turnip in the fields from earliest boyhood. Some folk might have set his failure to the lie or truth that for a bachelor he had too many children. But this was not proven, one way or other. Nobody was ever heard to question Barehills' solidity, till he died. He farmed a very obstinate piece of land, a place of great fields without a hedge to shelter anything from the north and east winds, and with a thin, chalky, poorish soil. It might remind one in parts of the park in Tennyson's "Amphion". But all agreed he was a first-class, knowing farmer. He knew land simply must have its feed of dung, the real farmyard stuff that you gather on your shooting-boots and carry about in weighty lumps ; and this, all men knew, he gave to the land. This rich quality of farmyard dung, well considered, is a very typical British thing, like prime beef and plum-pudding—indeed it has not a little to do with the making of both. It is John Bullish. Barehills might have sat for John Bull had he reached the right number of years. He had the rubicund complexion of the absolute Englishman. His carriage was sturdy and upright. He planted his feet on the ground firmly, "stood foursquare"—whatever that may exactly signify. An old follower of Assheton Smith's hunt, the butcher in the village hard by, once pointed with scornful pity to a poor anæmic neighbour, saying,

"Looks pale—wants butcher's meat". No reproach of the kind could have been made against Barehills. He was a credit to his butcher. One likes to see a man like this. If we are to live on lentil soup and rice puddings we need not be expected to look well nourished, full of good red meat. But if we eat beef we surely should look beef, as they who drink beer, according to Charles Kingsley, will think beer. Barehills looked beef.

He fell perhaps into some disrepute when the news spread that all the money he had made by farming, save what went to keep him, was the ridiculous sum of ten pounds. Why, John Brown might have left as much as this—John Brown, whose work, if it could have been piled up in visible shape beside him, would have equalled a little mountain ; though as for the net profit to himself, that he could have held in his closed hand like a nut so that no one should have seen it. Ten pounds—it is not pleasant to feel one has been so utterly mistaken in one's man as that. The less said, in the neighbourhood, about Barehills after such a discovery the better. And he is now being forgotten. The grass is rank over him, as it has a way of growing over people who leave but ten pounds. But as I never understood the curious secrets of good farming, and cared for Barehills on other grounds, I have no such feeling, and would like to write in praise of him.

Life has a way with some of us of dividing itself into time-tight compartments ; little or no seeming continuity or connexion between them. Looking back on such-and-such a period we may say "They were good days, were they not ?" The days and evenings spent with Barehills seem to me, musing on them, to form such a compartment. It was a great thing in boyhood to sup with Barehills on cold mutton and pickles and American cheese, and play cribbage with him, going home after dark, the tawny owls hooting all around and the patter of the hares as they hesitated out into the frozen fields sounding on the frozen, dead hazel-leaves. Barehills was no fine gentleman. He called a two, I fancy, the deuce. A knave with him, as with Pip, was a jack. Like Pip, he had coarse hands, and to deal the cards would now and then put his thumb to his tongue. What a hard hand it was ! Doubled up, he could wield it, people said, with rare effect. His gun stood against the parlour wall, and I have said that he wouldn't have hesitated a moment to turn it against any man who broke into his lonely house after dark, though for choice he would rather have thrust in his great fist ; and that an ox might have gone down before his full stroke. Certainly no man could have kept afoot if his catapult-quick blow were got in fair and square. Assheton-Smith was once a mighty hitter in that neighbourhood. The fame of his fist perhaps still lingers among a few very old folk. At seventy years old he once dismounted not far from Barehills' farm and put up his hands to a great bully who dared him. But perhaps even Squire Smith could not have got in, when his blood was up, a quicker or harder hit than Barehills.

With these qualities of manhood, this splendid animal life, Barehills was yet in one way an object for any weakling's ridicule. His friends liked and his men loved him and his foes feared him : yet all would join in making fun of his lack of skill as a gunner. Barehills was a true sportsman in spirit. He could not resist a shoot even at busy farming times ; and if he got one or two rabbits or by singular chance a hare or bird, he was the best of companions. But if at the close of the day he had shot nothing, his chagrin was great. It led him to absurd excesses. I have seen him whip off his coat at the end of the day and offer to fight the keeper ; and I have seen him hand his gun to the keeper and ask for it instantly to be broken to bits. All this because he had not been able to get a steady pot-shot at a rabbit sitting up, or squatting in its form. But on good days, when Barehills did get something, it was as if he had got everything. His rabbit was the rabbit of the year. He would dwell on its fatness, passing his hand over it as a connoisseur in conies will. He spoke highly of the sport it had given him ; and, unwilling it should be mixed with the gross bag, would carry it in his tail-pocket.

The real drawback however to Barehills in wood or open was not that he potted the rabbit or hare of the year in its form. The drawback was the way in which he swung his gun if no pot-shot offered all day. He was then a reckless shot at running or flying game. Dog and man at times went in peril. He put several shot through the tall white hat of the village doctor, taking it for a white pheasant which he wished to shoot and have stuffed. This reminds one of a thing in Barehills' parlour—a stuffed green woodpecker. It was the best stuffed bird I ever saw, because from a stuffing point of view it was the worst. Where the painter or sculptor would represent life through imagination, the stuffer would represent it through mimicry. Stuffing is a clever monkey-trick. The result should be a sort of take-off of life—a grin at life's expense. The green woodpecker in nature, as it clings to the tree-trunk and looks at you, has somewhat the wooden look of a stuffed bird. And it is a comic bird in this attitude. Now the stuffer had here caught and accentuated this peculiar feature of the bird. No museum, no professional "taxidermist", ever contrived by design a cleverer monkey-trick with his stuffed birds or beasts than that artless country-town man had here contrived without design. I remember that the tongue of the woodpecker had been pulled out and was pinned to the side of the case, a true museum touch. I would have bid for that ornament had I known that Barehills was dead and being sold up.

The woodpecker in the glass case was the solitary work of art in Barehills' house. Neither in nor out had the place the smallest claim to beauty. There was no old farmhouse furniture, coffers, bureaux, firebacks, settles. There were no books, save perhaps a Bible bound in shiny black, such as is found in railway waiting-rooms with a jug of cold water. All the stuff was cheap Victorian middle-class. All the merit of the table was that it could be eaten at, of the chairs that they could be sat on. The house, built in a hollow in one of the ugly hedgeless fields, was white stucco with slate roof. There was nothing about it to lift the thoughts; no gold-lichened old wall, no past to weave fancies about, no future to look forward into. Nature and man between them had arranged a place here without a scrap of beauty or romance: a soulless place, some might say. Yet such is the illusion of time backed by distance that the days spent at Barehills' farm seem among the best one ever had. Barehills himself has been translated by memory into a hero of sorts. But perhaps this is not wholly a gloss of memory. For Barehills, despite his want of culture, and the soulless look of the place where he threshed out his grain, and the matter of farmyard muck, was a man. There is a world between that and merely happening to be born one of the male sort. His faults were the faults of a man, if his foible—that of blowing rabbits out of their forms and thinking it sport—was somewhat absurd. As for money—a sort of flowers on the hearse at the end of a man here—we know how he failed in this branch. But I am not sure that at a grander audit he might not cut a very respectable figure.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND SERBIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Those who have followed events since the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary was first announced to Europe can hardly have failed to note a tendency in British publicists to treat this readjustment of frontier and its effects as a question which, even if truly European as the Servians contend, lies yet outside what I may call "the inner ring" of British interests. Whether this view be sound or not is a proposition which pales in significance beside the fact that from a study of the international negotiations to which the annexation necessarily gave rise we are now enabled to appreciate, and indeed to determine, the precise diplomatic position of Great Britain in the community of Western Powers.

To understand the negotiations from this point of view it is necessary to remember that the policy of Great Britain towards any alteration of the map of Europe has ever been dictated by a desire to promote the Balance of Power. Thus actuated, she became a signatory to the Treaty of Berlin. Thus animated, she protested against a violation which, however technical in fact, was fraught beyond question with disruptive possibilities. In other words, she had agreed to an Austrian administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina—and viewed perhaps without alarm the ultimate passing of them into the Austro-Hungarian Empire—because at that time Russia was strong, Turkey weak, Germany but just upon its feet, whilst for herself she was without a rival as a commercial and naval world-Power. But in little more than three-score years Germany has contrived so to wax in wealth and efficiency that she has become a serious menace to our commercial supremacy. She has built a powerful fleet. We have suffered at least one period of comparative isolation, and have learnt the need of arming ourselves so as to be able to fight alone—nay more, so as to be able to engage the combined fleets of any two nations. A new Power has arisen in the Far East and has succeeded in inflicting upon Russia a wound by reason of which the influence of that State in Europe has been greatly impaired.

So long, then, as Russia was weak, that group of Powers represented by the Triple Alliance appeared unduly strong; and Great Britain endeavoured to readjust the balance by entering into agreements with France, Russia, and Spain. An obvious weakness in the position ultimately attained lay in the fact that the Conventions signed dealt in the main with extra-European affairs. It remained therefore for experience to show how far the existence of these instruments would assist us in entering the arena of Continental politics.

On the announcement of the annexation of provinces entrusted to Austria by the Treaty of Berlin the idea of a further disturbance in the Balance of Power at once presented itself; and not the least remarkable feature of the situation as viewed from this standpoint was that whilst Turkey nominally lost but in reality gained, Serbia, whose territory remained for the moment intact, was ipso facto faced with the prospect of speedy dissolution. One need not waste words to show that the Serb States were at the mercy of Vienna. Expenditure of blood and treasure might postpone, it could not avert, extinction if Austria should will it.

Was it wise to allow this addition to the power of Teutonism to go unopposed? Rightly or wrongly, Great Britain decided against the wisdom of this course. She sought support in Russia and in France. The condition of Russia needs little comment. Crippled by want of men, money and equipment, she could not from the outset hold out any hope of assisting either her protégés or her allies by force of arms. Turkey had all the appearance of wishing to rely upon the joint counsels of London and Paris. It seemed, then, that a united front presented by England, France, and Turkey, and supported diplomatically by Russia, would force the Triple Alliance for the sake of peace to agree to a Conference at which the ratification of Austria's act would depend upon reasonable compensation being afforded to Turkey and a proper provision being made for the continued existence of Serbia and Montenegro. Sir Edward Grey had every reason to expect the fullest support from France and every reason to place reliance on the efficacy of joint action; but this consideration places me under the necessity of referring to certain incidents not known to the general public.

It will be remembered that during the late autumn of last year the relations of France and Germany were subjected to a severe strain. During the first week in November matters had reached so acute a stage that the German Ambassador in London was instructed formally to enquire whether in the event of war breaking out between France and Germany, Great Britain's "engagements" would necessitate her participation in support of the French. In accordance with precedent, the leaders of both parties met, and in due course the Wilhelmstrasse received an affirmative reply. By this loyal interpretation of the letter and spirit of the

entente we brought the situation within Clause I. of the Triple Alliance; but Germany, even with Austria behind her, felt disinclined to face, besides the horrors of Continental war, the certain destruction of her ocean commerce.

With this in our minds we may well ask How was it that England, France, and Turkey failed against the same diplomatic forces over which two of them had recently triumphed? The answer is that the entente does not work both ways. Thus Sir Edward Grey, who had at first induced the Porte to resist the temptation of settling individually with Vienna, finding himself without the assurance of ultimate support from his chief and only effective Western ally, finally withdrew his opposition, and the Triple Alliance became the dominant force in Europe: for the separate settlement with Turkey left England the only Power (save the two small sub-States whose existence was jeopardised) which still upheld the necessity of a Conference to re-establish equilibrium in Europe.

That France should have abdicated her position in Europe in order to come to terms with her powerful neighbour concerning Morocco argues not so much a shortsighted policy as a realisation of military and certainly of naval weakness, and indicates to us the futility of allying ourselves with but half-armed States. The value of a history of these tedious Balkan negotiations to us in Britain lies in the distinctness with which we are enabled to perceive our true position in Europe: namely, that of practical isolation. We may be allied in Asia and in Africa, but in Europe we are assuredly alone.

I am, Sir, yours &c.,

HISTORICUS.

HOW MAYNOOTH GOT RID OF ITS LAYMEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

180 Brompton Road S.W.

SIR,—Maynooth has found a champion in your last issue who only requires his accuracy to equal his zeal in order to be a very competent commentator indeed. Like Mr. S. Gwynn M.P., Mr. O'Connell assails the statements of your redoubtable contributor "Pat" with the same drawback of inferior information. Mr. O'Connell denies that Maynooth was really responsible either for turning the lay students out of its own doors or for trying to exclude them from the Queen's Colleges. It was the fault of nobody but the British Government!

As a good Irishman, far from me the desire to censure anybody who is "agin' the Government", but Mr. O'Connell, like his great prototype and namesake, really passes the limit of polemical inexactitude. It was the venerable clergy who got the laity excluded from Maynooth, and it was the venerable clergy who did all in their power to keep them from going anywhere else, especially to the Queen's Colleges. It is no part of the present question to consider how much or how little the British Government acquiesced finally in the hue and cry raised by the clerics against the youth of Ireland.

Mr. O'Connell fancies he has completely exculpated his venerable clients by saying "the laity were excluded from Maynooth not by the clergy but by an Order in Council". Of course, how otherwise than by Government intervention could the clergy shut the doors of Maynooth against the Irish laity who were entitled by Act of Parliament to attend it? In fact I very much doubt if an Order in Council was at all legally sufficient for depriving the Irish laity of a benefit expressly secured to them by Act of Parliament. But it was quite sufficient for the venerable clergy. They packed the lay students out of doors, applied to clerical uses the halls, salaries and endowments expressly intended for the laity by Act of Parliament, and from that day to this have never protested against the unprovoked cruelty, according to Mr. O'Connell's imaginative sketch, of turning the young men of Ireland out of the educational advantages placed at lay disposal by the Irish Parliament. Did anybody ever hear yet of the venerable clergy of Ireland failing to protest in Parliament and out of it against anything which they did not like? Is fecit cui prodest.

Mr. O'Connell is evidently unaware of the intimate alliance between the British Government and the Maynooth Bishops during the whole period of the

Castlereagh Administration in which this episode occurred. He does not know that the Maynooth Bishops led their electoral battalions in support of Castlereagh's Act of Union which ended the Irish Parliament. He does not know that the Board of Maynooth carried its complaisance so far as by special resolution, signed by the four Roman Catholic Archbishops, to grant the selection of candidates for Irish Catholic bishoprics to the British Crown. He does not know that at this very period Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington found the warmest support in Cardinal Consalvi and the reigning Pope in nominating to the Catholic archbishopric of Armagh and Primacy of Ireland that most useful Dr. Curtis, who had been the head of Wellington's Intelligence Department in dealing with the information supplied by the Spanish priests during the Peninsular War. An Order in Council to free the Maynooth Bishops from a lay incubus was a trifling act of amity in such affectionate conditions.

To give the Maynooth Bishops only their due, it must be added that they had never petitioned the Irish Parliament for anything but "a clerical seminary", to use the words of Archbishop Troy in 1794, and it was entirely the initiative of the Irish Parliament itself which had forced the reluctant clerics to share with the Irish Catholic laity the benefit of the parliamentary foundation. The clergy never asked to have the laity educated either in Maynooth or in the Queen's Colleges. Theirs was a different game.

Mr. O'Connell says it was not the Church which was responsible for the fulminations against the Queen's Colleges. Accordingly he does not know or does not tell that the Government appointed a Catholic priest, Rev. Dr. Kirwan, first President of Queen's College, Galway, as the strongest possible guarantee of fairness towards Catholics; but that the Church forbade Dr. Kirwan to hold the office, and then condemned the college for want of security to Catholics! But let me conclude with a textual quotation from the evidence given before the Maynooth Commission in 1855 by the Rev. Professor Croly, of the Chair of Theology, Maynooth, upon this very fable about the Church being ready to appoint good men upon the Queen's Colleges, but being prevented by the wicked British Government.

"Will you take the case of the Queen's Colleges; is there not an order of suspension against any priest having an official connexion with them?"

Rev. Professor Croly: "The Pope has sanctioned a law preventing priests having any official connexion with them. This command every priest is bound to obey."

As a consequence, the learned priest, Rev. Dr. Kirwan, was forced to resign the presidency of Queen's College, Galway, which had been conferred upon him by the wicked British Government in its iniquitous anxiety—according to Mr. O'Connell, clerical historiographer—to outrage the convictions of the Irish Catholic community. Priests were rigidly forbidden even to become Deans of Residence and supervise the moral conduct of the students. The people were then told that no protection for the religion of the students existed in the Queen's Colleges, that another terrible injustice had been inflicted on Ireland, and that nobody but the venerable clergy were the friends of education and morals in the island of saints, &c. &c. And Mr. O'Connell comes to spin the same yarn in the press of our own day!

To force the teachers of religion under threat of suspension out of a college and then to denounce the college for having no teachers of religion is a feat of casuistry which would require the amused appreciation of the "Provincial Letters". Unfortunately the clerical policy meant the deliberate starvation of the intellect of Ireland. And so again let us cry, with Mr. O'Connell: Down with the wicked British Government!

Yours faithfully,

AN IRISH GRADUATE.

THE NAME "CATHOLIC".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

San Silvestro in Capite, Rome, March 1909.

SIR,—We all agree that the word "Catholic" means "Universal". Now, no religion, in the strict sense of

the term, is absolutely universal. But if the title is to be admitted at all it must surely be awarded to that special form of Christianity which is more widely diffused and which counts a larger number of adherents than any other, drawn from all the nations of the world. That is to say, it must be awarded to the Church which has the largest number of subjects who, though scattered all over the earth, yet profess exactly the same creed.

Now this is undoubtedly the Church which acknowledges the Pope as its spiritual and visible head.

Some persons contrast Protestantism with Catholicism. But not only is Protestantism divided into hundreds of totally different Churches, but even the Anglican Church contains within itself a number of divisions and subdivisions, which is destructive of all real unity of belief. An Anglican, for instance, who believes in the real substantial presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, and in a sacrificing priesthood, and in the power of absolution, is not really of the same religion as an Anglican who believes none of these doctrines; yet they both call themselves Anglicans. Consequently, even though Anglicism were as widely spread as Catholicism, Anglicans could not claim the title of "Catholic" as justly as we can. Far less can they do so now that their number is hundreds of millions less than ours. Streit, who, I am given to understand, is not a Roman Catholic, puts the number in subjection to the Holy See at 265,000,000.

To call the Anglican a part of the Catholic Church is to try and add together things wholly unlike, which is contrary to all rules of addition, since there is no identity between the truths professed by Anglicans and the truths professed by Catholics. Yet—until the High and the Low and the Broad Anglican Churches, as well as the Catholic Church, are all reduced (if I may so express it) to one common denominator—they cannot possibly be added together so as to make one Church. And any attempt to do so by calling them all members of the One Catholic Church or all "Catholics" is, I submit, calculated only to make honest men smile.

Yours, JOHN S. CANON VAUGHAN.

"ROMAN" AND "CATHOLIC".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 February 1909.

SIR,—I am much impressed by the great forbearance you show in allowing this question, which must possess but small interest for many of your readers, to be discussed at such length in your columns. That forbearance is my only warrant in hoping that you will allow me to draw attention to one aspect of the question which most of your correspondents have overlooked.

Appeal has been made more than once, and is made again to-day, to the authority of bishops of the Anglo-Catholic communion in support of the contention that to belong to the One Catholic Church involves no necessity of submission to the teaching of the See Apostolic: yet none of the authorities quoted takes us farther back than three hundred years. This is not because, in the quoters' view, no Anglo-Catholic bishops then existed; for the quoters claim continuity in essentials with the ancient Catholic Church in England. Must it not then be because testimony, which would be so welcome to them and would leave the modern Romanist without a rejoinder, is wanting? That we read of friction between the Ecclesia Anglicana and the See Apostolic, that hot temper was shown and hard words were used, and used often with justice, no one denies: but will any of your correspondents, who have written so temperately and so courteously on this question, quote one passage from the writings of any bishop of the Ecclesia Anglicana prior to 1530 in which submission to the teaching of the See Apostolic is declared to be, or is treated as, a non-essential of Catholic Churchmanship?

You, Sir, have good-temperedly laughed at our present craze for centenaries: but it is no fault of mine that Bishop Aldhelm died in 709 and Archbishop Anselm in 1109.

The former wrote: "Frustra de fide Catholicā inaniter gloriatur, qui dogma et regulam sancti Petri non sectatur." (Ep. ad Geruntium.)

The latter, claimed no doubt by Archbishop Laud as his predecessor, and as agreeing with him in essentials, also wrote: "Certum quippe est quoniam qui non obedit Romani Pontificis ordinationibus, quae fiunt propter Religionis Christianae custodiam, inobediens est Apostolo Petro, cujus Vicarius est, nec est de grege illo, qui ei a Deo commissus est. Quaerat igitur ille alias regni caelorum portas; quia per illas non intrabit quarum claves Petrus Apostolus portat." (Ep. III. 13, to Robert, Count of Flanders.) Yours very truly,
G. A. B.

COMPETITION—BELOW THE BELT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 March 1909.

SIR,—The natural deductions to be drawn from the last paragraph of Mr. Gilbert E. Jackson's letter in your issue of 27 February are: (1) That an increase in the price of an article must mean a corresponding increase of profit in its manufacture; and (2) that a general rise in prices caused by the cheapening of money must adversely affect the artisan and—by the same process of reasoning—the employer.

If we take the case of a manufactured article which costs the producer 80 per cent. of its market value, 50 per cent. being spent in wages, it appears reasonably certain that a 20 per cent. rise in price will double his profit until wages rise. It also follows that half this extra profit would furnish sufficient to provide an increase of wages in the same ratio, viz. 20 per cent.

As regards the relation of profits and prices, which Mr. Jackson speaks of as being "always commensurate with one another", I refer him to Professor Marshall ("Principles of Economics", VI.-VIII. 6), who says of the employer: "Other things being equal, a comparatively small rise in the price for which he can sell his product is not unlikely to increase his profit manifold."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
IVAN B. DAVSON.

MANCHESTER AND FREE IMPORTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Union Club, Trafalgar Square S.W.
3 March 1909.

SIR,—In your article on tariff debates, in which you hypothecate the position of a free-trade Manchester in the midst of a protected country, surely you overlook two points. One is that the placing of a tariff against commodities entering Manchester while preventing the influx of outside goods has no effect per se on compelling the acceptance of Manchester goods in protected towns. The other point is that if outsiders refuse to buy Manchester goods Manchester will not have the wherewithal to purchase the goods of these outsiders. Consequently your assumption that although Manchester goods are excluded by others Manchester will still continue to buy outside goods is incorrect. In such a predicament she simply couldn't. No free trader denies that adverse duties prevent him from selling externally. He denies that import duties placed against foreigners will alter this. He also maintains that imports and exports must be equal. Increase one you increase the other; decrease one you decrease the other. You cannot decrease imports and at the same time increase exports.

Yours faithfully,
ORTHODOX.

MR. JOHN'S "SMILING WOMAN".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 Southwick Place, Hyde Park Square,
8 March 1909.

SIR,—It is always such a pleasure to read Mr. Laurence Binyon's able articles that perhaps one may be forgiven if one ventures to differ from him in his view

expressed in the critique on the Fair Women Exhibition, that Mr. John's "Woman Smiling" will be considered by everyone at the present day an ugly picture and nothing more. The writer of this letter is daring enough to think that many of the people whose opinion is of real value would welcome the idea of this splendid work being purchased for the national collection if it is still for sale. So often whilst the Chantrey Trust Committee totters with the wavering footsteps of an invalid along the circumscribed sunny space of popularity—so fatal to art—the astute private buyer, walking boldly and swiftly in the shadow, captures the prize that would, if the committee was in a vigorous state of health, belong to the nation. Meanwhile one looks forward to the time when this body will be sufficiently convalescent to grasp the fact that we are living in one of the finest—if not the finest—periods of English painting.

Certainly the Tate Gallery does not do much to aid the visitor in acquiring this knowledge at present, in spite of Mr. MacColl's gallant efforts.

Yours truly,
FRANCES L. EVANS.

A REPRINT AS A NEW BOOK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 8 March 1909.

SIR,—In a decidedly caustic review of my book, "Paris in its Splendour", which appeared in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW, your reviewer rightly surmises that it is a reissue of a book published in 1900. There is no indication of this on the title-page, so I presume your reviewer arrives at this conclusion from internal evidence. Will you allow me then to state that I am not in any degree responsible for the issue of this book without any indication that it is merely a reprint of a book published some nine years ago? Indeed, I went so far as to call on the publisher, on seeing an advance notice of the book, to remonstrate with him on the forthcoming publication, for I consider that the practice of issuing a reprint as if it were an absolutely new book is virtually a fraud on the reading public.

Yours truly,
E. A. REYNOLDS-BALL.

[We are glad to hear that the author is not responsible for an act which he seems to us to describe accurately.—
ED. S. R.]

A FOOTPAD IN FLEET STREET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hôtel de Londres, Bordighera, 7 March 1909.

SIR,—In your issue of 27 February you generously accord more than a column of valuable space to a review of my book "Tunis, Kairouan, and Carthage", and this courtesy emboldens me to hope that you will extend your favour by publishing a brief protest against the methods of the reviewer.

My temper is quite unruffled by the kicks and jibes with which he assails and derides my offending volume. His sprightly headline "A Barbarian in Barbary" pleases me, and I am mildly amused at being called "a globe-trotter with an easel". But when, in holding up to scorn what he is pleased to term "a maudlin rhapsody", he cites the first few lines of a paragraph descriptive of night and the last lines of another paragraph descriptive of dawn, coupling the quotations in such a manner that they seem to belong to one sentence—then, Sir, I ask for fair play. Surely this is hitting below the belt—it is not playing the game!

It is better to be a Barbarian in Barbary than a Footpad in Fleet Street, and I would respectfully submit that, though deadly in effect, such unsportsmanlike blows should hardly be sanctioned by the SATURDAY REVIEW.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
GRAHAM PETRIE.

REVIEWS.

CHATHAM'S HEIR.

"George Canning and his Friends." Edited by Captain Josceline Bagot. In 2 vols. London: Murray. 1909. 30s. net.

CANNING'S career was in some respects the luckiest in political annals. It extended over thirty-four years (1793 to 1827), of which twenty-five were spent in high and lucrative offices. Those were the days when an Eton and Oxford reputation insured the possessor's being popped into Parliament at once for a pocket borough. Pitt secured Canning's return to the House of Commons "without a farthing of expense" for the borough of Newtown, in the Isle of Wight, when he was only twenty-three, and when his income was estimated to be between £200 and £400 a year. At twenty-five Canning was appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and five years later he was transferred to the Board of Control. Pitt resigned in 1801 on the Catholic question, and Canning went with him. But in the previous year Canning succeeded in marrying Miss Joan Scott, an heiress with £80,000 according to Lady Malmesbury, or £100,000 according to others. Lord Titchfield, afterwards Duke of Portland, was Miss Scott's guardian, having married her sister, and at first opposed the match on prudential grounds. Pitt interested himself keenly in the marriage, as he did in everything that concerned Canning; and so we find this favourite of the gods at the age of thirty protected against pecuniary anxiety for the rest of his life—an incalculable boon for a politician. The marriage was a very happy one, but it would probably not have come off had it not been for Pitt and a grande dame indicated as "Lady S. E." After three years Pitt returned to office in 1804, and Canning with him as Treasurer of the Navy. In 1809 in the Portland Ministry, which was formed on the collapse of "The Talents", Canning was Foreign Secretary, but resigned in 1812 on account of his quarrel and duel with Lord Castlereagh. For two years he was unemployed: but in 1814 he was sent as Special Envoy to Lisbon, an appointment which was strongly attacked as a job by Creevey and Co. In 1816 Canning returned home, and joined Lord Liverpool's Cabinet as President of the Board of Control, a post which he held till 1822, when he was appointed Governor-General of India. Just as Canning was about to sail for Calcutta, Castlereagh (or Lord Londonderry, as he had become) cut his throat on seeing some black-mailers walking up his avenue. Canning was at once approached with the offer of the Foreign Secretaryship and the leadership of the House of Commons, which he naturally preferred to being Viceroy of India. From 1822 to 1827 was the meridian of Canning's power and reputation. In 1827 Lord Liverpool was incapacitated by a paralytic stroke, and George IV. called upon Canning to form a Government, which he did with great difficulty, on a pro-Catholic basis, by taking in some Whigs, Eldon, Peel and Wellington having deserted him. But "outraged Nature will vindicate her rights", as Gibbon wrote in a very different connexion. A precocious beginning is nearly always paid for by a premature ending. The man who started as Under-Secretary at twenty-five died as Prime Minister at fifty-seven. Most statesmen would pay Canning's price for Canning's reward. The modern politician, who has to work his own way into Parliament and seldom enters office until he has turned "le cap de quarantaine", must feel a little envious of the favours which fortune showered so rapidly and persistently upon Canning's head.

Canning's real luck was in exactly fitting, by temper and equipment, the period in which he was born. He entered politics immediately after the September massacres of the French Revolution, an event which banished the Whigs from office for forty years. Had Canning entered public life after the first Reform Bill, his gibes and rhymes would have fallen flat, and his diatribes would have aroused a storm of public execration. Another circumstance which contributed to his success, and must therefore be ascribed

to the blind goddess whom the Greeks adored, was that after Pitt's death Canning's competitors were mediocrities of the first water. Castlereagh was a brave and amiable aristocrat: but he was inarticulate, and at all times a little mad. Perceval, Melville, and Liverpool were mere dullards: while Peel, his only serious rival, was feeling his way, and was too cautious to dispute Canning's sovereignty. In such a setting Canning's genius shone with heightened splendour—and he was a genius if ever there was one.

Not a bad test of genius in the statesman is his contribution to the stock of maxims or phrases that pass into familiar quotations. So long as Jacobinism, or Socialism, as it is now called, is with us, the "Friend of Humanity and the Needy Knife-Grinder" will remain the best of stories to tell on the platform against a Radical opponent. "I give thee sixpence?—I'll see thee damn'd first" is a line which never fails to bring down the house. To Canning's pen we owe "The pilot that weathered the storm" (of Pitt): "the friend of every country but his own" (of the cosmopolitan politician): "Save, save, O save me from the candid friend!" Then there is the delightful story of the rhymed despatch, written, after the real despatch had been sent, in a cypher of which the Foreign Secretary knew that the Minister at The Hague had not the key, which was duly and formally forwarded some days later. Captain Bagot tells us the rhyme is so often misquoted that he gives us a facsimile of the despatch.

"Canning to Bagot.

(Decypher, separate, secret, and confidential.)

Foreign Office, 31 January 1826.

SIR,—

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much.
The French are with equal advantage content,
So we clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent.

Vous frapperez Falck avec 20 per cent.

I have no other commands from his Majesty to convey to your Excellency to-day.

I am with great truth and respect, Sir,
Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,
GEORGE CANNING."

The above is a sound lesson in tariff reform; but fancy Lord Salisbury or Sir Edward Grey addressing one of our Ambassadors in that style! Of Canning's serious sayings the most celebrated is the one in reference to his recognition of the independence of the Spanish colonies in South America. "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old", a sentence which is the key to his foreign policy between 1822 to 1827. After the fall of Bonaparte and the restoration of the Bourbons the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of France formed what was called the Holy Alliance for the suppression of Liberalism, or Jacobinism (as they called it), in Europe, more particularly in Greece and Spain. Canning would have nothing to do with this alliance, for, like Lord Palmerston at a later date, he was a Liberal in foreign politics if he was a Tory in home politics. Canning was a member of the Governments which imprisoned Cobbett and the Hunts and passed the Six Acts: but he would not hear of Russia trampling on Greece or the Most Christian King invading Spain to support legitimacy. With similar inconsistency Palmerston opposed parliamentary reform and patronised Kossuth. Greece and the South American republics owe their independence to Canning. There was at one time (1823) a determination on the part of Spain to reconquer her colonies, particularly Mexico and the Argentine, with the assistance of France, and the Allied Monarchs tried to get the sanction of a Conference for this policy. Canning not only refused to attend the proposed Conference, which he declared should never meet, but adroitly appealed to the President of the United States to assist him in defeating the attempt. The answer to his appeal astonished him, and must be classed among the great accidents of history.

President Monroe not only sympathised with Canning in his opposition to the proposed *démarche* of Spain and France, but declared that any European Power which conquered or founded any colony on any part of the American continent, northern or southern, would be held to have committed "an unfriendly act" towards the United States. It should be remembered that Russia at this time had attempted to make the Behring Straits a Russian sea and had claimed some part of the Alaskan territory. President Monroe's despatch was as much an answer to Russia as to Spain and France. And as President Cleveland revived the doctrine twelve years ago in regard to our dispute with Venezuela, it is well to bear in mind that Canning protested against it as vigorously in 1823 as did Lord Salisbury in 1897. Canning was the political heir of Chatham, because he continued the Chatham tradition that England should be great and respected abroad, "*clarum et venerabile nomen gentibus*". The heirs of Canning were Palmerston and Beaconsfield.

We have shown that measured by his tenure of office Canning's life was a splendid success. Yet there was a ground-note of tragedy running through it and culminating in its dramatic end. Canning was the best-hated and most abused public man of his time. This "hunt of obloquy" (as Burke called a similar persecution) was partly due to the fact that he was more liberal than the bigoted Tories with whom he had to work, especially on the subject of Roman Catholic disabilities. But it was also due to some defects of his qualities. He was subtle and restless, irritable and impatient of stupidity. Hence he schemed sometimes in secret, and got labelled an intriguer. He was not, it must be confessed, loyal to Castlereagh: though it should not be forgotten that Canning prevented Wellesley's recall from the Peninsula. Then he had no respect for solemn impostors in high places; and his verses and his love of quizzing and nicknaming made him hosts of enemies. The pompous Jenkinson, first Lord Hawkesbury and then Lord Liverpool, Disraeli's Arch-Mediocrity, was not likely to forgive a letter beginning "Now you know, Jenks, this is a lie"; and he doubtless heard that Canning talked of him as "Hawkinson". Nor would Whitbread pardon or forget the poem on his speech in Westminster Hall. It must be said that Canning, like all wits, was often guilty of lapses of taste. A popular agitator named Ogden was imprisoned for sedition, and whilst in gaol contracted and was cured of an internal malady. Canning spoke of him as "the revered and ruptured Ogden". This is deplorable; and the orator who says that kind of thing need expect no quarter from his enemies when he is down. Nor did he receive it. The desertion of Canning in 1827 by Wellington, Peel, and Eldon on the Catholic question was base enough when we remember that these same statesmen carried Catholic emancipation within two years of his death. It only remains for us to say that Captain Josceline Bagot has edited these letters, most of which were written to or by his distinguished relative Sir Charles Bagot, with a tact and knowledge of politics and society which place him amongst the best biographers of the day.

EGYPT BY MOONLIGHT.

"La Mort de Philæ." Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1909. 3 fr. 50.

EGYPT is the land of sentiment. Its sphinxes, and pyramids, and temples, and tombs, like so many huge but vague hints, supply no exact ideas and embody no precise meaning. They are like vast empty pauses which can be filled in in any way we choose. And this is exactly what the sentimentalist loves. He needs something that will stir the imagination without imposing a particular intellectual treatment. The Parthenon, for example, as indeed everything Greek, is practically useless to him, because the perfectly distinct ideas it expresses are constantly bringing him up with a round turn. But among the old Nile ruins he has a free hand. He can read into them any meaning and any expression

he chooses, and lately a French writer and an English—M. Pierre Loti and Mr. Hichens—have both availed themselves to the full of the opportunity. They each run the same course, beginning with the Sphinx and the Pyramids and so up the river, taking the temples as they come, and either's treatment of his subject is so much like the other's that the only difference worth speaking of seems to be that the emotional rhapsodies of M. Loti are written in French and those of Mr. Hichens in English.

We can scarcely define M. Loti's philosophy. It is so shadowy, yet so grandiose, that it eludes analysis. Moreover, it varies a good deal from time to time. At one moment he thinks of Egypt as hoary even in the pyramidal age, grown grey with thought, with eyes that had fathomed the secrets of the gods and stared clean through the mystery of human fate. At another she seems to be barely emerging into human consciousness, her young inhabitants in a semi-petrified condition, like figures of statues but half released from the block, the great ranks of the columns of Luxor and Karnak symbolising the aspect of a people still in a sort of literal stone age. This perhaps needs a little more working out, but both ideas are fine, and both perhaps about equally true.

It goes without saying that M. Loti, immersed in the romantic view of things, to whom the contemporaries of the Rameses are of infinitely more importance than the present inhabitants of Egypt, should be very impatient of the British occupation. All our so-called improvements and dirty utilitarian tricks are to him unspeakably odious. His remarks on the barrage at Assouan are typical. He visits Philæ, as he visits most things, by moonlight, and his criticism of a work which has made life more tolerable to thousands of impoverished peasants takes the form of a lamentation over the image of a cat-headed deity which is in danger of being submerged by the rise of the water. Facts are, perhaps, out of place in a context like this, but even rhapsodists and visionaries should know the Sphinx, in whose mutilated visage M. Loti deciphers such infinite and inscrutable depths of wisdom, is merely one of ten thousand replicas of the same mask which the Egyptian stone-cutters repeated over and over again on all their sarcophagi and mummy cases with mechanical iteration, and which in all probability meant, and was intended to mean, exactly nothing at all. We might also point out that the submerged buildings at Philæ are one and all of the debased Ptolemaic style, and that their skinny columns and florid ornament are totally lacking in the kind of interest attaching to the genuine Nile temples as an outcome and expression of the ancient Egyptian life.

The controversy over the Philæ temples still from time to time crops up; but the rule in these cases seems really clear enough. There are certain ancient buildings which embody fixed laws of art and are permanent sources of pleasure and enlightenment to mankind. These, of course, call for the most reverent preservation. If it were a question of the integrity of the Parthenon against the prosperity of a province, we should prefer the Parthenon. Other buildings, again, are valuable for the amount of human history built into them, and these have to be considered on their merits. But in neither category do the Philæ temples stand high. They are of no importance from the artistic point of view, and of not much importance from the human point of view. They are neither very beautiful nor very interesting. The welfare of the province therefore easily comes first.

Such arguments, however, are not strictly relevant here. One cannot see what the Sphinx or Philæ is like by moonlight, and it is by moonlight that M. Loti conducts his observations. The worst of it is that he expects all business affairs to be carried out on the same lines. There are difficulties in the way of governing a country by moonlight.

"UNFORGOTTEN GREAT":

WITH SOME FORGOTTEN.

"Some Eighteenth-Century Byways, and other Essays."

By John Buchan. London: Blackwood. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. BUCHAN is as deeply devoted to the eighteenth century as was Armine Kent, but very different in his way of championship. In an essay on the "apocalyptic" style (the style which now permits appeals to the gravest sanctions on trivial occasions) he praises the sane earnestness of his pet period. That praise Mr. Kent would never have chosen for his "dear delightful people". But he would have approved Mr. Buchan's contempt for the rhetorician of to-day who calls Chinese labour "a gamble in human lives", or "a living sacrifice to Mammon", and vapours about the "popular heart", "dumb strivings", etc. From this style the eighteenth century was free: it was an era of romance in deeds, "the age in which the British Empire was created, which produced Marlborough, Rodney, Clive and Wolfe, which was dominated by Chatham". The volume is not limited to the century, for among the subjects of the "other essays" are Charles II., Bunyan, Tolstoi, Mommsen and Mr. Balfour as *liiérateur*.

The first article, that on Prince Charlie, contains an agreeable summary of the events which led up to the '45, the hopeless loyalties crushed at Culloden and the Prince's subsequent career. How few remember that he returned to England in 1750, visited the Tower, and held a meeting in a room in Pall Mall. After this he married a vulgar German princess. We are told the ill-success of that experiment and some of his other amours. He died, appropriately, on the eve of the French Revolution.

To one central figure of the century, the "great" Lord Mansfield, Mr. Buchan does full justice; the theme is fascinating, and Mansfield has had no adequate biographer. His career was remarkable, apart from his profession; in the well-worn phrase he "drank champagne with the wits" and learned serjeants frowned at so much culture. Strange to reflect that, though clannish and kindhearted, he should "from the day he rode his shelly over the Bridge of Esk never have returned to his country. He never saw his parents again". This curious trait excites pity and illustrates how the entirely rational man "misses the wayside virtues which fall to the blind and feeble".

After the great Georgian magistrate, the Victorian Chancellors. Here the character sketches of Lyndhurst, Cairns and Roundell Palmer are admirable. These all coupled real politics with law, the first two were actually leaders in the House of Lords, and at one time Palmer's name was mentioned as possible Premier. Lyndhurst, unpopular but human, possessed a fascinating personality—he was a typical exponent of the "grand manner"—a judge who liked to look like a cavalry officer, for long the real centre of the Tory party. The extent of his authority can be judged from the account in "Coningsby" of the crisis of 1832. His influence was of great service to Disraeli, who dedicated a novel to him. Cairns for a short time led the Tory peers, Disraeli having made him his Chancellor, thus displacing Chelmsford. Though not at his best in the Lords, his "Peace with Dishonour" speech after Majuba was his greatest political monument. Westbury mounted the woolsack "followed by the admiring dislike of the whole Bar and most of the public"; but to his credit may be placed the courage he showed in facing an indignant meeting of the Conservative Club, while his name was being erased from the list of members. He was incapable by nature of suffering fools gladly, or refraining from stinging sarcasms. Mr. Buchan has evidently dissected his character *con amore*, but regrets that the task was never taken in hand by Mr. Meredith. One such man, he adds, "is no bad tonic for a generation".

Too few people know Mr. Balfour's writings, but Mr. Buchan's quotations from them will create a desire for more. Mr. Balfour is the true Conservative and no pessimist; he is perhaps rightly called a revenant from the eighteenth century who "has imbibed the latest

modern knowledge and applies the cool and urbane irony of an elder school to our turgid civilisation". Never despairing, he dissuades men from expecting too much benefit from progress, his point of view being rather averse from roseate anticipations. Nothing could be happier than Mr. Balfour's comparison of the individual right of judgment with the right of a customer to draw out his entire bank balance. "The right may be undoubted, but it can only be safely enjoyed on condition that too many persons do not take it into their heads to exercise it together". Again in a fine passage Mr. Balfour shows the inability of a "religion of humanity" to give those benefits to its votaries which the professed followers of every faith have a right to expect.

These are all great names, and famous men are no doubt the most interesting to write about. But the great may fairly count on their great biographers. For us others there are other fields to glean. Mr. Buchan has turned out a pleasant book, one of a multitudinous class, but he would have made better use of his time had he concentrated on the memorable forgotten, as in his essay on Lord Dudley, Foreign Secretary in 1827, whose name hardly one politically minded man in a hundred now remembers, and on the eleventh Earl of Buchan, Scott's "Maecenas à la mode", the busy trifler, who sent Washington presents, calling him "the American Buchan".

EARLY JURY RECORDS.

"Leet Jurisdiction in England, especially as illustrated by the Records of the Court Leet of Southampton."
By F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Southampton: Cox and Sharland. 1908. 21s.

A SEARCH for the elements of leet jurisdiction involves making a journey into the jungle of primitive jurisprudence, to wander amongst people who transact business at Durbar unhampered by legal fictions about the King's peace, regalia and what not. To such a folk true criminal law is unknown, and the wrongdoer is converted into a public malefactor by the simple process of casting votes.

We can hardly go back to these first beginnings in a review: though it may serve well enough to visit Southampton to inspect the rolls of the Court Leet of that ancient borough. These cover a period of three hundred and fifty years, dating back to 1547, and show us the actual working of an undifferentiated senile court entrusted with rights of leet jurisdiction. The entries illustrate in a remarkable way the divergence of leet in practice from leet in legal theory, and the inquisitorial nature of the duties performed by the twelve men making presentments at once strike the reader. Chosen from the burgesses, those worthies made up for their want of real power by spying upon their neighbours; consequently it is possible to glean from the record details concerning the everyday life of the city which would be missing had the jurors taken a more narrow view of what was expected from them by the lawyers. Nothing that could be construed injurious to the interests of the community escaped the vigilance of the twelve wisecracks, and the presentments touching trade regulation and ancient customs are founded on the archaic underlying principle of communal responsibility. If the jurors may be believed, the inhabitants of the "very fair marchauntes houses" admired by Leland possessed trading abilities in no way inferior to those of an up-to-date commercial man of the twentieth century; complaints are lodged against bakers who make bread "verie unwholesome for man's boddie of mustie meale", cobblers who "do usse to mend and cobble men's shews with naughtie slittinge lether", and brewers who brew bad beer, charge too much for it and insist on giving short measure. Chandlers have a wicked habit of rearing and letting fall the price of inferior candles, "as if there were no feare of justice"; butchers combine to raise prices, brickmakers make bricks too small, horse-dealers send out "tierid jades", and the name of John Martin is odious for all time as that of the reprobate miller who "by his own confessionne did putt into a

sacke of wheat of Mr. Tolderveies, carried to the mill to be grounde, a pottle or more of the sande of the sea and grounded it all together". Leland does not mention the part played by the beach when giving reasons for the "flowerisching" of seaport towns. The jury came to the weighty conclusion that Mr. Martin's proceeding was "to the great hurte and damage of the people that should eat the same and great unwholesomenes of the bread for man's boddie therewith to be made", a verdict which fully justifies the confidence of the consumer in the common-sense of the panel. Presentments of the kind here referred to throw back to the palmy days of the guilds, and many of those safeguarding customs and prohibiting nuisances speak of a period when the leet court was not considered to be anything more than a particularly important meeting of the leet. Dr. Stubbs in his "Constitutional History" dwells on the wide powers of the merchant guilds which furnished the great majority, if not the whole, of the members of the Court Leet, and his investigation into modern survivals of mediæval leet jurisdiction has enabled Mr. Hearnshaw to lay down the rule that the Court Leet when traced back beyond the Renaissance to the moot of the Leta is an undifferentiated court distinguishable only from the later Court Baron by a difference of procedure. It was an attempt to explain the Southampton Court Leet records which drew Mr. Hearnshaw to examine documentary evidence gathered from numerous different sources, and the facts elicited have led him to write a skilfully condensed history of leet jurisdiction in England. He admits his opinions underwent some development during the progress of his work, and we think that this gives additional interest to his book. Driven to doubt the theory accepted by Professor Maitland of the Sheriff's tourn having originated in the Assize of Clarendon, he argues the practical effect of the Assize was a serious reduction of the Sheriff's judicial authority, and adopts the view that the jurors were introduced into the hundred to act as a check on the old frankpledge system. His inquiry into the relations of jurors to the chief pledges carries Mr. Hearnshaw off the beaten track; but wherever he breaks new ground the suggestions advanced are sure to be received with respect, if only for the scholarly modesty with which they are put forward.

NOVELS.

"Fraternity." By John Galsworthy. London: Heinemann. 1908. 6s.

In the guise of a novel Mr. John Galsworthy has produced a very dangerous and revolutionary book. "Fraternity" is nothing more nor less than an insidious and embittered attack on our social system. It is calculated to bring the official governing class into contempt and to import prejudice into the consideration of many important problems. The author has in fact violated all canons of art in making his story the medium for political propaganda. His characters think, act and have their being as their creator wills, and to illustrate some very definite theories he has to propound. They do not move of their own volition nor follow out their natural destiny. They are puppets made out of wood by Mr. John Galsworthy to serve his purpose—and his purpose is to deal a deadly blow at what may be called the upper middle class. His book is the more dangerous because it is written with an air of self-effacement and detachment. There is no obtrusion of the author's personality. To the superficial reader it might almost seem that Mr. Galsworthy was merely in cold-blooded fashion recording his observations of a singular and particularly unpleasant class of person. But beneath the cold surface of the work throbs a bitter and relentless hatred. It is written with a pen steeped in vitriol. There is no attempt at fairness or impartiality. The appeal is to prejudice and to passion. It is class hatred gone mad, and it is class hatred not of the noisy mob kind but of the quiet, dangerous sort of the man who has felt and suffered and come to the conclusion that all is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds. What Mr. Galsworthy has attacked and what we have called the

upper middle class is the class from whose ranks are drawn most of our naval and military officers, Civil servants, judges and clergy—in short the official class. To this class the chief characters in the story belong, and every one of them is unsatisfactory. They have either got so much sense of what they ought not to do that they do nothing, or so much consciousness of what they ought to do that they never do anything. In every case they are poor specimens, self-conscious to a degree, morbid, restless, dangerous to the community. Such is the author's resentment against these people that he cannot give them a redeeming feature. His book in fact in its unrelieved gloom comes perilously near caricature. He turns and twists and writhes around his subject, and even if he does not scream it is impossible not to be always conscious of his pain. Moreover, he has introduced into his novel several unnecessarily unsavoury incidents and descriptions. Throughout he seems to have deliberately rejected the highest and refused to see any light in the dark places of the world. Some of his similes and allusions are gratuitously coarse and indelicate. The book is quite unworthy of the author of "The Country House" and "A Man of Property". It is closely written and laborious—entirely lacking in spontaneity. In manner it lacks grace or charm. It is a book that gets upon the nerves.

"A Soul's Awakening." By W. Teignmouth Shore. London: Long. 1908. 6s.

Presumably the title of this story points to Edith Murchant's pathetic discovery that being an old man's darling did not sum up all the possibilities of life for her. It might almost as well apply to Walter Corban's simultaneous awakening to the fact that, desirable as were the learning and the literary success he had theretofore alone lived for, the love of Edith Murchant, the young wife of his employer, was more desirable still. A gentle, dreamy, half-humorous figure is Arthur Murchant, the second-hand bookseller of some lane off Holborn (one cannot imagine him ever making much money), who had greatly befriended Corban and had taken Edith from a miserable existence with a drunken father to his foolish old heart. And so without anybody's fault the situation just happens. The sense of inevitableness, of the fell clutch of circumstance, is very skilfully suggested; partly, of course, it arises out of what we are told of the stuff of which Edith and Corban are made. In the modern "theatre of ideas" they would probably be laughed at: notwithstanding the run of the bookshop they had not taken "Fay ce voudras" for a motto. Both owed much to Murchant, and they struggled bravely to do their duty by him. The result is tragedy—not less moving because the protagonists are obscure, well-meaning, tender-hearted people. The excellence of the character-drawing is by no means confined to these three; and we think the lover of London will like the familiar background.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Taxation of the Liquor Trade." By Joseph Rowntree and Arthur Sherwell. Vol. I. 2nd Edition. London: Macmillan. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

"Licensing and Temperance in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark." By Edwin A. Pratt. London: Murray. 1909. 1s. net.

It is peculiarly appropriate just now to call attention to this volume of the second edition of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's "Taxation of the Liquor Trade". We are on the eve of a Budget one of whose "secrets" at least is well known: that after the failure of the Licensing Bill the Chancellor of the Exchequer will propose a higher taxation of the liquor trade with two objects, one being the increase of revenue, the other the diminution of public-houses by means of the economic screw, the direct method of the Bill having been rejected. We have no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George has long been deep in the study of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book, which is the most complete source of information and the most formidable argument for, if not the original inspiration of, the plan which is now to be tried. Nor do we doubt that the liquor trade against whom the campaign is shortly to be opened once more is equally well acquainted with this remarkable book, and has not neglected to get up its own case in opposition, for the time when, as now, the book is to be the Chancellor's manual for new legis-

lation against it. We need do no more than note that the elementary fact from which the argument starts is that throughout our colonies and the United States the liquor trade is far more highly taxed than it is in Great Britain.

Nor is Mr. Pratt unknown to the members of the liquor trade. He has rendered them many services by his books on licensing, and he has supplied them with many arguments that have told. Readers of his book on the licensing trade, which like the present one has been issued at a cheap price, will remember that he eulogised the brewers for their introduction of light beers, which had driven the old-fashioned beers heavily charged with alcohol out of the market. He showed amusingly that many so-called temperance drinks which teetotalers drink trustfully contain more alcohol than most beer that the publican sells. Mr. Pratt, though he is a lifelong teetotaler, is fairly well content with the licensing system as it is, and the encouragement of light-beer brewing sums up most of the reforms of the trade he would approve. There are people who talk of disinterested management and municipalisation of the trade, and the Gothenburg and the Swedish system. But Mr. Pratt has visited and investigated and described them in their country of origin, and has come to the conclusion that they are a delusion and a snare. He says "Trouble no further about the Gothenburg system, but study the Copenhagen system instead". The Danes are as successful with what is almost free trade in liquor as they are with their agricultural system. The secret is the Danish societies have converted the people from the use of ardent spirits to that of light and palatable beer. And the thought forces itself obsessively on us, What sort of a Budget would Mr. Lloyd George's be if he were confronted in this state of the national finances with a people drinking only the lightest of beers?

"The Works of James Buchanan." Vols. IV. and V. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott. 1908.

Volumes IV. and V. of this most exhaustive edition carry the history of Buchanan's public life from July 1838 to May 1844. The most interesting portions to English readers will be the speeches dealing with the Maine Boundary question and the Ashburton Treaty and the Oregon dispute. It is the established belief in this country that we were jockeyed over the Oregon question, but Mr. Buchanan believed, or pretended to believe, that the British Government obtained the terms they did by concealing an important map of the territory in dispute. He also denounced in the most forcible manner the incapacity and negligence of the Government of the United States in the conduct of the negotiations with Lord Ashburton. Canadians do not, we believe, hold that we got all we should have in the Maine settlement; but one thing is certain, that Opposition speakers in all popular assemblies as a rule find the Government inept and incapable, and no doubt will continue to do so. The McLeod case, which caused a serious dispute between Great Britain

(Continued on page 344.)

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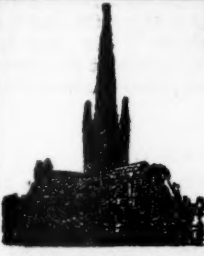
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55	60 14 5	10 1 5	16.6	66 13 10	10 14 10	16.1	70 10 2	11 4 0	15.9

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and the United States, is also one of the matters dealt with. We can only repeat what we said in noticing the first three volumes, that the value of the edition would have been greatly enhanced by a brief historical statement at intervals as to the matters treated. Type and printing are excellent throughout.

THE MARCH REVIEWS.

Imperial and party politics dominate the Reviews this month. Mr. Carlyon Bellairs in the "National" writes an article on the naval crisis which the Editor says should make the public "realise the gravity of the situation caused by five years' cumulative criminal maladministration". Mr. Bellairs, Radical though he be, does not spare the Government, and shows how they have been sacrificing naval advantages in order to save money, and that at a time of "acute unemployment". Whilst he states the case as regards ships and material, Mr. Archibald Hurd in the "Fortnightly" drives home the Navy's need of men. Britain's naval establishment alone in the last few years has not increased, and the economist at any price urges that we are safe because we have more men than any two possible rivals. Yet the men capable of working a modern battleship are no more to be found ready-made than the ships themselves. The politician is responsible for the position in which the Navy finds itself, just as he is responsible for the present plight of the Army. Colonel Alsager Pollock in the "Nineteenth Century" attacks him on the military side. "Of all great Empires, ancient or modern, the British owes least to its so-called statesmen at home." Even when a Pitt breaks the rule of incompetent direction, the ends at which he aims are sacrificed to the exigencies of party politics. The politician still hates the very idea of anything like a standing army, and unfortunately the military advisers of a Government seldom have courage enough to run counter to the prejudices of the majority which keeps the Government in office. Otherwise, as Colonel Pollock says, the Army Council would never have allowed Mr. Haldane to proceed with the reduction of the Regular Army whilst the creation of the Territorial force "had not yet advanced beyond the stage of 'adumbration'". Colonel Pollock would have the politician indicted for manslaughter when gallant lives are sacrificed to make good his blunders; but it is surely a little hard on the politician that permanent and expert officials, who are paid to guide their amateur chiefs and keep those responsible properly informed, should withhold the truth in order to save their official skins. The danger to the Empire on which Colonel Pollock fixes is "the unbridled licence, misnamed 'the liberty of the Press'". The extent to which the public may be misled by the sources from which it derives its information—sources which are not journalistic so much as official—is the subject of a strong article by Mr. Belloc in the "English Review". It is a nice reflection on "the liberty of the Press" that, in order to avoid an action for libel, the editor has had the passages of the article making specific reference to offenders blacked out. Mr. Belloc thinks that the one remedy for the evil he deprecates will be found in the demand for evidence in support of every statement made concerning public affairs, and the editorial treatment of his own article is the commentary. Mr. Atherley Jones' article in the "Fortnightly" on the Labour party in Parliament is not a discussion of the work the party does but of the position of its members as affected by recent legal decisions. The Rev. William Barry in the "National" has a philosophical examination of the extent to which democracy has fallen short of the great things expected of it. He looks to a union of Christian and democratic forces: "Democracy must be transformed to a religion of the Infinite or it will pass like any other worn-out symbol."

The "National" gives a supplement this month containing an article by Mr. F. S. Oliver, entitled "From Empire to Union". For good or ill he says the union of the Empire is now a party question. "Indeed it is the only party question." He does not approve of the description of the Tory aim as Imperialism—it should be Union. The task the Tories have undertaken is unique; it is the statesman's, not the soldier's. "The task of uniting in a firm bond what nature has sundered by thousands of leagues of blue sea is one which has not yet been attempted since the world began." Lord Morley's scheme of Indian reforms is blessed in the "Contemporary" by Mr. Gokhale, and criticised sympathetically in the "Empire Review" by Sir Andrew Fraser and in the "Fortnightly" by Mr. J. D. Rees. Mr. Rees says that the forward party in India can no longer assert that the Secretary of State is the tool of what they describe as "an impervious stratum of superannuated fossils seated on sinecures". Colonel C. F. Massy has recently revisited

India, and in the "Nineteenth Century" notes some of the changes which have taken place in the last few years. He does not believe that organised anarchism exists outside Bengal, where he finds the political movement strongest. The administrative division of Bengal may have been a mistake, but Colonel Massy says that Lord MacDonnell errs on the side of hysteresis when he counsels the retrograde step of restoring the union. "For the placating of the irate Bengali would be too heavy a price to pay, and I doubt if he would be placated." He would want more. Sterner measures of repression and the Morley concessions will help materially, says Colonel Massy, towards the restoration and preservation of peace.

Mr. E. T. Cook in the "Contemporary" says that "a Government that does not know when to die does not know how to live", but whether it is his view that the Government is ignorant on both points we cannot quite glean. On the whole he seems to think Ministers will be well advised to hang on, despite the House of Lords, till the country is in full possession of their schemes of social reform. Then they should decide that the question of the House of Lords shall be the first consideration of the next Liberal Parliament. As the next Liberal Parliament may be a good way off, and the constitutional changes to be proposed would admittedly have to be submitted to two Parliaments, the chances of Liberal social reform are hardly immediate. An Old Parliamentary Hand, who writes in the "National", has been searching the back benches of the Opposition to ascertain what promise they give of future constructive ability and special skill in debate that might in some measure make up for the mediocrity which he finds on the front bench. His search has been in vain, and he blames the aloofness of Mr. Balfour and his colleagues, who, in the last Parliament, gave no encouragement to the rank and file and distributed appointments and rewards without regard to merit. "Unless," he says, "Unionists are prepared to take matters into their own hands, we may see a return to the old régime." The article is only a variant on the attacks which have recently appeared in the reviews on what is called "the old gang". But if "the old gang" is not loved, neither is the newest. In "Blackwood" Sir Henry Craik is satirical at the expense of the Confederates. He devotes four or five pages to getting "all the amusement it is fitted to afford" out of "this all-powerful conclave which is to shape our destinies", and then pulls himself up short with the question "Is this serious politics, and does it deserve the prolonged consideration of grown men?"

The discussion between Mr. Dunlop in the "Quarterly" and Mrs. Green in the "Nineteenth Century" descends to a wrangle over mediæval trifles, while both alike ignore fundamental agencies of historical causation belonging to their period and continued to the present time. Is it because these agencies are still current that the "historians" will not discuss them? The steady destruction of Ireland, reduced in three years "from a state of admitted peace to one of almost incomparable anarchy", is the theme of an article by Mr. Ian Malcolm in the "Nineteenth Century"; and his conclusions are strongly supported from the economic side in the "Westminster Review" by Mr. E. A. Aston, the secretary of the Imperial Home Rule Association. These two articles read well together, however much the authors may be surprised by their incidental unanimity from such opposite points of view. Another striking paper in the "Westminster" is "Reflections on Imperial Home Rule" by "A Person of No Importance"—whose considerable importance is the only evident reason for adopting such a signature.

Two articles are devoted to Russian police methods—one in the "Fortnightly" by Dr. A. S. Rappoport, the other in the "English Review" by D. S., who seems to have had access to special information concerning Azef and the spy system generally. Among the most notable contributions to this month's reviews is Dr. A. R. Wallace's in the "Fortnightly" on "The World of Life" as visualised and interpreted by Darwinism. Setting out to prove that the theory of Darwin is the only one that is in accordance with nature itself, he concludes that "neither Darwinism nor any other theory in science or philosophy can give more than a secondary explanation of phenomena. Some deeper power or cause always has to be postulated." In "Blackwood" we have a study of the Oxford Undergraduate, by the Master of Wadham; and in the "Nineteenth Century" an article on "Oxford and the Working Classes", by J. B. Rye. In "Cornhill" Mrs. Campbell Dauncey gives an impression of Mr. Taft as she saw him in the Philippines three years ago; and in "Fry's Magazine" is an article by Mr. T. Carruthers and Mr. G. W. Beldam on "The Secret of the Golf Swing".



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The Human Species (Ludwig Hopf). Longmans, Green. 10s. 6d. net.

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The World's Great Sermons (Compiled by Grenville Kleiser, 10 vols.). Funk and Wagnalls. Gratis to subscribers to the "Homiletic Review."

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THE first ordinary general meeting of the Legal Insurance Company, Limited, was held yesterday at the Law Society's Hall, Chancery Lane, W.C., Mr. J. Field Beals, the Chairman, presiding.

The Secretary and General Manager (Mr. Henry M. Low), having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: I have now to move the adoption of the Report and Accounts, but at this is the first time we have met since the Capital was issued I should like first of all to tell you that the issue was a very great success, the Capital offered being largely over-subscribed. This was very encouraging, as it showed that there was a widespread agreement with the opinion of the Directors that the time was favourable for a new Company, under entirely independent management, but intimately connected with the Legal profession, to transact a high-class Insurance business on profit-sharing lines. And I venture to hope that now you have in your hands the Statement of Accounts showing the result of the first few months' working, you will consider that we have made an extremely satisfactory start, and a start which in a large measure justifies us in thinking that the sanguine anticipations we started with are likely to be realised at an early date. Turning to the Accounts—the figure £5,410, the reserve taken over from the Profits and Income Insurance Company, needs no explanation. It represents the proper proportion of the Net Premium Income of that Company in respect of the risks transferred to us. During the year we have accepted Premiums amounting to nearly £69,000, and this substantial result has been achieved without making improper concessions in the way of commission, or unduly cutting rates, and in spite of the keen competition which exists for Insurance business of the high class we undertake. On the other hand, the Re-insurance Premiums amount to rather over £42,000, which is very high in relation to the gross income, but I am sure you will approve the policy your Directors have adopted with regard to this. We are determined to build up our business on safe and conservative lines, and the best method of carrying this out is to limit our own risk to a small sum in each particular case for the first few years. As the Company becomes stronger, the business is extended, and a Reserve built up, we shall be able to prudently and gradually increase the proportionate retention, and so automatically decrease the re-insurances and the percentage of working expenses. The Losses paid and outstanding amount to £8,867, or 32.5 per cent. of the net Premium Income. I think that these figures speak for themselves, and show that the business undertaken is of a safe and carefully selected class. I may add that the part of this figure which represents outstanding losses was estimated on a very liberal basis. The exact amount of many of these losses has been ascertained since the beginning of the year and the amount paid is substantially less than the estimated figure. The Commission and Expenses of Management amount to £8,856, or 32.2 per cent. of the net Premium Income. You will agree that this proportion is extremely satisfactory, but you must bear in mind that the expenses were only incurred during a part of the year, while some of our Premium Income covers a whole year's risk. It would not, therefore, be surprising if this figure shows a higher ratio in the next accounts. Additional expenditure, amounting to £5,589, has been capitalised. Here again your Directors have proceeded on safe and cautious lines. In the early days of a company much expenditure must be incurred in making itself known in various parts of the country, and in organisation, but we have been careful to limit the expenditure to the minimum necessary to enable us to obtain a fair share of business. The balance of Revenue amounts to £15,629, and we recommend that part of this sum should be applied in writing off the whole of the Organisation expenses. We feel sure that you will approve this course, for though we might very properly leave this item outstanding, and even add to it for a few years to come, in this year this course would be of no advantage to the Company. We are in a position to discharge the amount out of Revenue, and the Balance Sheet is undoubtedly better when cleared of the item. After making this appropriation £10,040 remains to be carried forward, subject to Directors' fees, and this sum provides very amply for unexpired risks and leaves a balance. Since we started business nearly every large Fire Company in the Kingdom has announced that they propose to take up the Insurance of Profits and Standing Charges. This has of course increased the competition we have had to face, but in spite of the increased competition our business of this class shows a healthy expansion over the figures of the previous year. This seems to show that we have derived some benefit from the increased advertisement accorded to this class of business. The only item on the Balance Sheet remaining to be dealt with is £8,870 for preliminary expenses; this is a large figure, but it approximates very closely to the figures set out in the Prospectus, the principal items composing it are Registration Fees and Stamp Duty £2,696, Underwriting and Brokerage £2,673, Solicitors' Fees, Auditors' Fees, and Advertising. We have been very greatly helped by the sympathy and encouragement we have received not only from our large body of Shareholders, but from a very wide circle of members of the legal profession, who have taken a keen and kindly interest in the Company and lent us a helping hand. The formation of a Company and the inauguration of business have only been successfully achieved by a great deal of really hard work, and in conclusion I should like on behalf of the Board, Office Board, to warmly thank our Local Directors, our Shareholders, our Agents, and all others who have helped us, especially our Staff, our Manager, Mr. Low, and our Sub-Manager, Mr. Ewing, whose services in the Company's interests can best be described as whole-hearted and enthusiastic. I beg to move that the Report and Accounts be and they are hereby received and approved.

Mr. John S. Follett, J.P., Deputy Chairman, seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously.

The retiring directors, Messrs. J. F. Anderson and F. J. Weld, were reappointed, as were also the auditors, Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

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The following Letter has been received in connection with this Issue:—

Paris, February 23rd, 1909.

To Messrs. TOMKINSON, BRUNTON & Co.,
2 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—As the specially-appointed Financial Commissioner of the State of Alagoas, I hereby give you the following particulars referring to my State and to the present issue of £200,000 of Bonds. This issue forms part of a total loan of £500,000, which is made by virtue of the authority contained in the Alagoas Law No. 465, dated 27th October, 1905, for the purposes stated therein—viz. the unification of the State Loan and for providing funds for effecting material improvements in the State. £220,000 of the total loan was sold in 1906 by the State in Paris, £200,000 of it is now offered for sale, and the balance of £80,000 is reserved for future purposes. The loan is generally guaranteed by the entire revenues of the State of Alagoas, and specifically by the export duties of the State, which have been exclusively hypothecated to secure the principal and interest of this loan. Furthermore, the State has undertaken not to contract any other loan which will rank before or on equal terms with this loan. Beyond the present loan, the State of Alagoas is free from all Debts and Liabilities, with the exception of the sum of £38,000, which it holds in trust for certain hospitals and charitable institutions.

The services of the total loan of £500,000 will require for Interest and Redemption an annual sum of £27,500, the income derived from the export duties (calculated at the rate of 15 milreis per pound sterling), which are specially hypothecated as security for this loan, has been as follows:—

1904.	1905.	1906.	1907.	1908.
£46,843.	£46,145.	£46,205.	£54,180.	£56,180

Therefore, in the year of the lowest receipts—viz. 1905—the revenue derived from the export duties exceeded the amount necessary for the service of the loan by £18,645, while last year's revenue amounted to over twice the sum necessary for the service of the loan. Further, there is every reason to assume that the above revenue will be considerably enhanced in the future.

My State is one of the twenty-one States which constitute the United States of Brazil. In size it approximately equals Belgium: its present population is 750,000 inhabitants. The rate of increase of the population may best be judged by the fact that while in 1872 the State had only 348,000 inhabitants, it counted 518,000 in 1890 and 662,000 in 1900. This increase in population is accounted for by a gradual but stable development of its industry, commerce, and agriculture, which is founded upon a healthy climate, rich soil, extremely valuable natural resources, and a liberal and progressive Government. The first mill was established in the State in 1867: to-day there are a number of factories, which have a combined capital of several million dollars, employing several thousand men. There are sugar, cigar, and cottonseed factories and mills, tanneries, and other commercial establishments of importance in the State.

The State is served by the Great Western of Brazil Railway. It has a sea frontage of 164 miles, with two principal and a number of minor harbours. It has a river frontage of 220 miles to the world-famed San Francisco River. The Paulo Afonso Waterfalls, which in size equal the Niagara Falls, belong to the State, in addition to large tracts of land, which are rich in minerals and timber. As it is impossible to do justice to the commercial value and possibilities of these assets in the space of a letter, I attach a short description of them hereto.

I remain, yours faithfully,

J. B. WANDERLEY DE MENDONÇA.

Special Financial Commissioner to the State of Alagoas.

(The descriptive particulars accompany the prospectus.)

Copies of the law authorising the Loan and of the General Bond, and the originals of the above Letter, may be seen at the offices of Messrs. Bircham & Co., Solicitors, 50 Old Broad Street, London, E.C., during the usual business hours prior to the closing of the List.

A London Stock Exchange Settlement and quotation will be applied for in due course.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from Messrs. Tomkinson, Brunton & Co., 2 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., and Lloyds Bank, Limited, 72 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

London, 9th March, 1909.

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